

must, in these pages, take special account, won the respect of cultured men in all countries. The stately, well-considered prose of his public documents went hand in hand with the pure, graceful Latin verse whose composition was the delight of his leisure hours. In philosophy, his promotion of the study of St. Thomas Aquinas has already brought about a movement which, under the name of neo-scholasticism, bids fair to have no slight influence on the thought of the future.

But it is of the man himself, of his life in the Vatican, that most people wish to hear,—and to hear it from one who knows, unmixed with the gossip, the conjecture, and the ignorance which have lately filled so many columns of the newspapers. Such an account, sober, unexciting, but true, is here given by Signor Simboli, a man of letters widely known and esteemed in Italy, and able, from his associations, to speak with authority upon every phase of his subject.

The Pope's Life in the Vatican

By SIGNOR RAFFAELLE SIMBOLI



HIS HOLINESS'S MOTHER
(Countess Anna Prosperi Buzi)

THE Vatican is the great Sphinx of European journalists. Eagerly, day by day and hour by hour, they question it; and when it remains impenetrably silent, they set their imaginations to work, producing the oddest and most ridiculous bits of news. The editor of an English paper once telegraphed his Roman correspondent to request an interview with Leo XIII. Now the late Pope never granted an interview, and did not like the press to take too much upon itself in regard to him; consequently the correspondent was obliged to evolve the interview out of his inner consciousness. None the less, it flashed along the wires and went into print—which meant a marvelous sale for the paper. Again, by the trick of substituting one head for another, an ingenious newspaper succeeded in presenting its

readers with pictures of Leo XIII. in an automobile, on horseback, and even on a bicycle! There are Italian papers in particular which take delight in printing highly colored Vatican gossip—a sensational mixture of scandals, struggles, rivalries. When nothing else can be discovered, they will herald with many trumpets the “revelations of an eminent prelate”—who is probably at most a corporal in the guard or some obscure clerical hanger-on. The paragraphs that appear under the head of Vatican news are often but scraps of confused chatter, picked up in the cafés of the Borgo. The news which is authoritative appears in the columns of the official organ of the Vatican, the *Osservatore Romano*; beyond that, it is difficult to tell where truth ends and falsehood begins. After all, there are no mysteries beyond the superb colon-

nades and the courtyard occupied by the Swiss guards. Human nature there is the same everywhere. At the gates the Swiss cast surly glances at the Italian soldiers mounting guard on the frontier of the small domain which is all that is left of the States of the Church; within, there are of course conflicts of private interests, envy, and jealousy, as there must be wherever a number of men of the same profession and station are gathered. It is not of them, however, that I propose to speak, but of the serene and gracious personality that for years rose far above all the pettinesses of human weakness.

IN THE POPE'S NATIVE TOWN

Only a few miles from Rome, on the



HIS HOLINESS'S FATHER
(Count Lodovico Pecci)

charming slopes of the Monti Lepini, lies Carpineto Romano, a village of some five thousand inhabitants, in which Leo XIII. was born on March 2, 1810. Carpineto has a strongly marked character of its own, with its narrow streets and low, dark houses. The main street, leading to the municipal building, is very far from convenient; and the photographer meets with great difficulty in placing his camera, so that it would be impossible to reproduce the whole of the Palazzo Pecci. The population is composed principally of shepherds and hunters—an energetic, modest, and loyal race.

The Pecci were for ages back the masters of Carpineto; and when Count Gioacchino became Leo XIII., the



COUNT GIOACCHINO PECCI (LEO XIII.) AND HIS FAMILY

good countrymen saw in him not only their spiritual father, but their old feudal lord and their protector. He said to his faithful Adami: "Go to Carpineto, and try to do as much good as possible to my people." And Adami, who is rich and kind-hearted, went to Carpineto and left everywhere the marks of the Pope's munificence. The townspeople are planning to erect a great triumphal arch in honor of Leo XIII., and there has been some talk of removing from the old home of the family a cluster of dirty hovels that spoil its effect, with a view to developing in the highest part of the town a new Pecci quarter, dominated by the historical palace. The house contains many memorials—among others a curious collection of notes and copy-books which belonged to the schoolboy Gioacchino Pecci; and some of the tender, affectionate letters which as a young student he wrote to his relatives from the episcopal seminary of Viterbo are now in Count Lodovico's library.

On the morning of February 20, 1878, by a majority of forty-four votes out of sixty-one, Cardinal Pecci was

elected Pope, and crowned with the sacred tiara in the Sistine Chapel, under the most marvellous vault that the hand of man has ever embellished. The day was not over before he wrote to his family this charming letter, which I here transcribe:

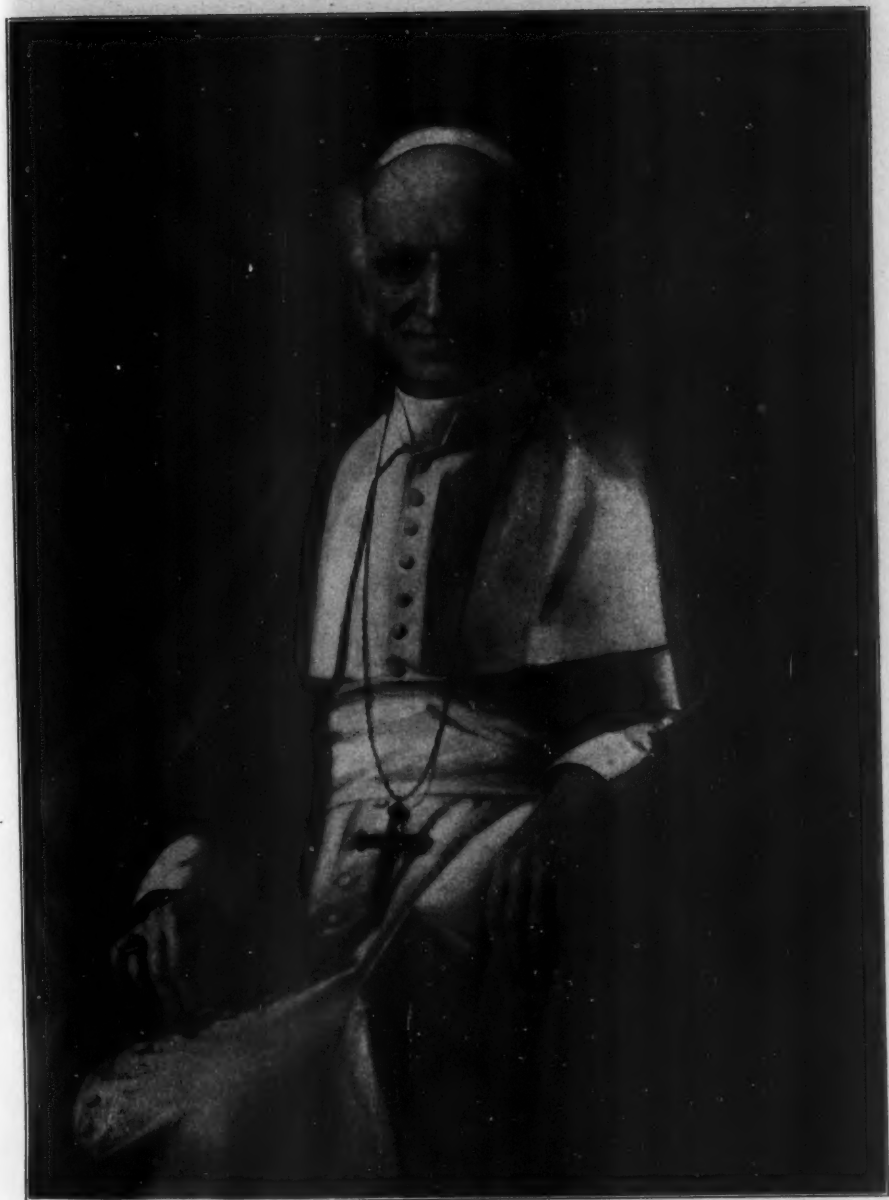
FROM THE VATICAN,
February 20, 1878.

MY DEAR BROTHERS:

I have to communicate to you that in this morning's scrutiny the Sacred College saw fit to elevate my humble person to the Chair of St. Peter. My first letter is this one addressed to my family, to whom, wishing them every happiness, I affectionately send the Apostolic Benediction. Pray much to our Lord for me.

LEO P. P. XIII.

This brings me to the point of saying that Leo XIII. was no nepotist, and I say so frankly. His three nephews, Lodovico, Camillo, and Riccardo Pecci, are all married and have families. The eldest, a modest and good-natured man, lives a quiet, simple life in the old home of the family; he spends most of his time in study, in the ancient library of the palace, which is now and then



LEO XIII.'S FAVORITE PORTRAIT
(After the painting by Signor Ugolini)

The Critic

enriched by some cases of books forwarded from the Vatican. Camillo, the second nephew, is an officer in the Noble Guard; he married a Cuban lady, Señora Bruno y Garzon. All three habitually keep aloof from politics; but they often called upon their venerable uncle, with whom their relations were most affectionate. He always treated them as a father, and took a great interest in their welfare. When Lodovico came into Rome, he wished to be minutely

hundredth birthday. The Pope and she greeted each other cordially, and began to talk of old times. She proudly recalled having borne the future Pontiff in her arms and narrated with glee how the Countess, his mother, had taken two of her children with her to a dinner-party, and how little Gioacchino was so restless that he had to be banished from the table. Marianna Moroni was the young girl who was charged with the execution of the penalty.



THE POPE'S BEDROOM

informed about everything that had been happening in Carpineto. Though he had been away from his native place for fifty years, his memory remained fresh and vivid: if a family was named that had migrated to Carpineto in that period, his Holiness was always quick to remark, "They were not there in my time."

The visits paid by the Carpineto people to the Pope were always characteristic. Last summer Dr. Lapponi accompanied into his presence a cheerful, smiling old woman, Marianna Moroni of Cori, who had just passed her

"But are you perfectly sure it was I?" asked the Pope. "You might have mistaken me for my brother, who was there too."

"No, your Holiness," promptly replied the old woman; "your brother behaved much better than you, and he was allowed to remain at the table."

Leo XIII. kept many a photograph of his beloved hills, and when he looked at them they called out fresh energy in that frail body to which life was so feebly attached. He was passionately fond of photography, and even dedicated a poem to it, beginning:

*Expressa solis spiculo
Nitens imago, quam bene
Frontis decus, vim lumi-
num*

Refers, et oris gratiam !

THE POPE'S HABITS —HIS FAMILIARS

The Pope occupied the second floor of the Vatican, to the southeast of the splendid Cortile di San Damaso, opposite the Loggie of Raphael. The apartments were marked by no pomp, no oriental luxury. They comprised a drawing-room, a study, a bedroom, and an oratory. To reach them one must pass through long suites, guarded by the Swiss and the private chamberlains. They were modestly and plainly furnished, with some classical elegance, but nothing approaching ostentatious ornament. No change was made in them for many years. Few persons knew the ap-

pearance of the bedroom, for few were allowed to enter it. It is rather small, decorated in green, and divided by a screen that hides the bed. Near the screen is an easy-chair in which Leo XIII. spent a great part of his day. The room is lighted by electricity, and there is an electric bell, which, however, rings but seldom. The faithful Centra locked the door when the Pope went to rest, and was seldom called during the night.

The Pope's habits were those of a wise and sober man, who intended to live as long as possible. He always rose early—in summer at six, in winter a little later. As a rule, he said



THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF DR. LAPPONI

mass in the small oratory near his bedroom, but on great festivals he went down to the Sistine Chapel, to which the public are admitted by special permission. His habits until very recently underwent no change, except in so far as modified by Church seasons of special solemnity, when the usual audiences were discontinued, and the Pope took part in the functions and performed his private acts of devotion.

In the morning, after mass, his personal attendant, Centra, brought him a glass of milk; then he retired to his study and despatched the most urgent affairs with his private secretary, Mgr. Angeli, and Cardinal Rampolla, the

Secretary of State. Then he would receive some of the persons who had made special request for a private audience. About ten o'clock every morning, a carriage was sent to bring the chamberlains on duty from their houses. The honorary attendants did not go farther than the throne-room, in which nobody is allowed to sit except Cardinals and Roman princes and princesses.

For many years, by the advice of his sagacious physician, Dr. Lapponi, the Pope observed the same diet, never varying it except on fast days. He had only two regular meals in the day, dinner, as a rule, being at half-past one; soup, a little meat with vegetables, some minced chicken, eggs, and apples made up his menu. His wine, of which he drank very little, always mixing it with water, was long sent him by the Bishop of Bordeaux. There was no dining-room; the meals, of which the Pope partook in solitary state, were served in the study, or sometimes in summer in the library. The kitchen is on the floor below, communicating by a private staircase with the papal apart-

ments. Every dish was first handed to Centra and to Commendatore Sterbini. It has been asserted that the Pope's food was prepared by trusty persons outside the city and sent daily to the Vatican; but this is another of the absurd fictions that float on the surface of newspaper gossip. The kitchen was in the charge of Commendatore Giulio Sterbini, who provided all the eatables, buying many of them in various Roman shops. Giulio Sterbini has been long on a footing of intimate friendship with the Pontiff, who wrote many a Latin couplet for his children.

Another person who came into daily contact with the Pope was Pio Centra, his faithful attendant. Cavaliere Centra is not a priest and a Monsignore, as has been asserted; he is married and the father of a family, though those who saw him in the antechamber, in a purple cassock with a broad silk scarf about his waist, not seldom mistook him for a bishop. He is a vigorous, fine-looking man, with a large, clean-shaven face of somewhat severe lines, but sparkling eyes. His task was a



THE POPE PRAYING IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL



THE POPE ENTERING HIS CARRIAGE

delicate and responsible one. He rose before the Pope, and only went to bed when everything had been set in order for the night. He helped the Pope to dress and undress, served his meals, and had many other important charges. He was never far from the Vatican, because he knew he was very useful to his venerable master. He is a cultured man, with a kindly disposition and infinite tact. Endless people knock at his door, and sometimes they are hard to dispose of; but he is a thorough diplomatist, polite and witty as a first secretary of legation. When he used to be asked, however, if the alarming news published by the papers was true, he would stare in blank amazement and reassure you at once; to tell him that the Pope was ill was the same as charging him with a crime.

After Centra and Sterbini, the indefatigable secretary, Monsignor Angeli, must be mentioned. For twenty years he remained constantly at the Pope's side, and when, some time ago, he went to Palestine, everybody missed him, and especially the Pope, who was continually asking for news of him.

No son, leaving his mother for the first time, could have been more assiduous; from every place he stopped he sent letters, views, and newspapers—yet Leo often said to his physician: "I wonder why Angeli does not telegraph me." The Pope made his acquaintance in Perugia, his birthplace, was pleased with his character, and kept him with him. When he composed Latin verses, he often dictated them to his intelligent secretary, who delighted in them. The Pope slept little, not more than five or six hours, and when he lay awake, his brain was active, often sketching some poetical composition. Monsignor Angeli went very seldom into society, preferring his modest apartment in the Vatican. Troops of foreigners would seek him out, and he tried, though often unsuccessfully, to satisfy them all. A notable characteristic of his is his hatred for photographers and newspaper men, which he shares with Signor Sterbini. The latter has had no photograph taken for at least ten years. A friend of his once got hold of an old one; but as soon as he suspected that it was to be used in



PIO CENTRA, THE POPE'S FAITHFUL ATTENDANT

a newspaper article, he seized it and tore it to bits. The friend, however, not to be discouraged, picked up the pieces, patiently put them together, and succeeded in reproducing the portrait.

Doctor Lapponi, the Pope's physician, also deserves special mention. He has ever been considered an instrument of precision; if he was not always seen in the accustomed places, if he went to the Vatican a few moments before his regular hour, rumors at once began to circulate that the Pope was dead, or at the very least seriously ill. The health of his august patient formed the chief preoccupation of his life, and at the same time his pride

as a man of science. He impressed upon the Pope the necessity of an ordered and methodical life, which was probably the main cause of his longevity. Few people realize how much care it required to shelter the flickering flame of the Pope's life. Dr. Lapponi observed and foresaw everything: he had doors and windows shut that communicated with the apartments of his charge; he regulated the stoves with immense diligence and care, and before his Holiness passed through a room, he had already made the temperature perfectly uniform.

No important news was allowed to be communicated to the Pope without the sanction of Dr. Lapponi or of Cardinal Rampolla, who usually told him what had happened with tact and calmness. Dr. Lapponi seemed to be particularly afraid of audiences that might have fatigued the Pope—in fact, as their number became more limited, and his Holiness spoke comparatively little, his health seemed to grow better. Leo XIII. was devoted to his physician; when Dr. Lapponi was lately obliged to undergo an operation for appendicitis, he requested that he should be informed by telephone of the exact moment when it was to begin, so that he might withdraw to his private chapel and spend the time in prayer, until he should be informed that his *archiatro* was safe. Dr. Lapponi is a man of considerable eminence in the scientific world; his best-known book is *Ipnatismo e spiritismo*. His whole life, so far as it was not devoted to the Pope, has been absorbed in study and in the direction of the hospital of the *Fatebene Fratelli*. He never goes out of Rome. His house is connected by telephone with the Vatican; and that same telephone has been the bane of his family's quiet existence. At night, when dwellers in the Prati di Castello could hear amid the stillness the low murmur of the Tiber, the ringing of this bell awoke everybody in the house. Some one, thinking it might be a call from the Vatican, would go sleepily to the instrument, only to hear the voice of an impatient reporter, anxious to know the truth about some rumor of the

Pope's illness. There are journalists so pertinacious that they went even farther than this—when Dr. Lapponi assured them that his Holiness was very well, they showed that they did not quite believe him, fearing that he might be concealing something from them.

That was the one case in which Dr. Lapponi's patience was ever in danger of failing, for, as a rule, he has had a pleasant word for every one, and an anecdote to tell. Only recently I asked him for some news about the health of his distinguished patient. The Pope, he told me, was "ninety-three years old, but as strong as is possible at his age. If Gregory IX. reached ninety-nine years, and St. Agatho lived to be a hundred and seven, why should not Leo XIII. have some years before him yet?"

"Do you think he will die suddenly, without any definite illness?" I asked.

"No one can be a prophet in this world," was Dr. Lapponi's answer. The Pope had of late been subject to colds, which appeared usually between March and October; when he had conquered them all serious danger seemed averted. It is untrue that until lately he had taken stimulating medicines for the heart; its action was normally very strong, his constitution had great powers of resistance, and his life was sober and regulated. Moreover, influenced by deep religious feeling, by a serene asceticism, he looked to the future with calm trustfulness, and this absence of preoccupation served to strengthen his frail body. When Dr. Lapponi and Dr. Mazzoni operated on him in March, 1899, and relieved him of the painful cyst from which he had been suffering, congratulations and good wishes arrived in countless numbers; but Leo XIII. answered that at his age such wishes, however sincere, were not to be taken seriously. Only lately, when a person in a very high position expressed the wish that he might live to a hundred, he answered, "We must not fix any limit to the will of God."

THE POPE'S VILLEGGIATURA

In past summers, when it was very

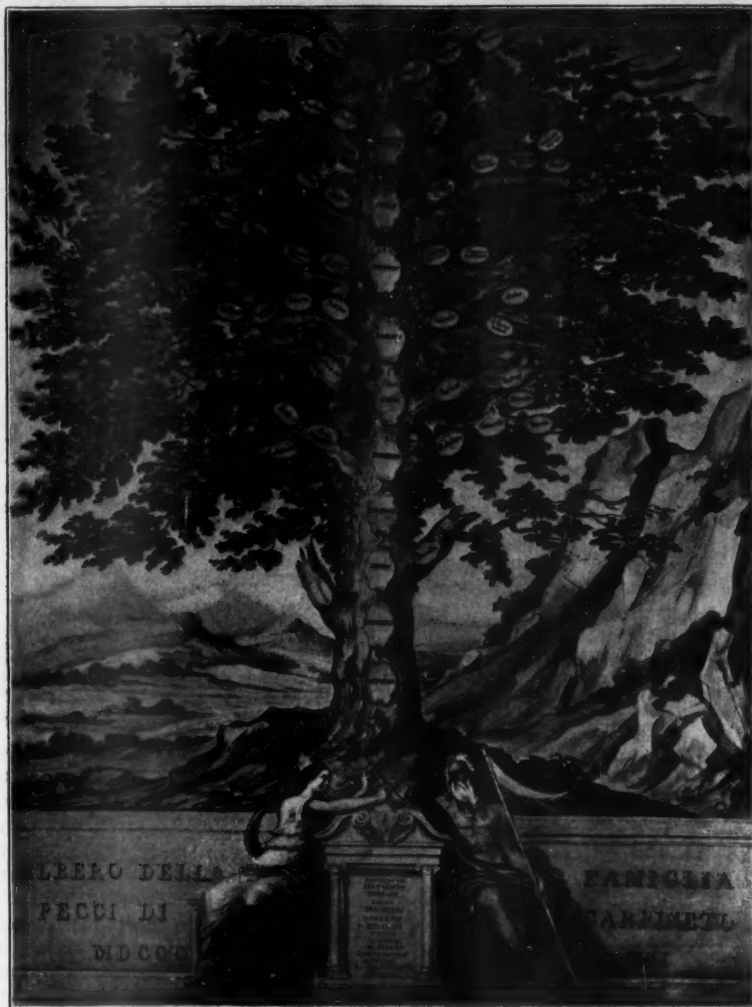


TOMBARI, THE POPE'S AGED COACHMAN

hot, the Pope would go to the pavilion built by Leo IV. in the Vatican gardens, which commands a superb view of Rome. After despatching the most urgent affairs in the morning, he would enter his sedan-chair, cross the Museo Lapidario and the Library, and at the door of the latter step into his carriage, on each side of which was a member of the *Guardia Nobile* on horseback. The sentinel knelt, as did the attendants who accompanied him. The Pope was accompanied by his *cameriere partecipante*. In other carriages followed Mgr. Bisleti, the chamberlain, and other familiars. Pio Centra would look after him attentively. He usually took with him four or five handkerchiefs, which he was unable to bring

back, so eagerly were they sought after by collectors. The *gendarmes* on duty knelt down at the passage of the *frulone* in which the Pope sat, smiling and blessing them. The carriage would

In front of the pavilion of Leo IV. the carriage would stop. The Pope would descend, supported by the prelates, and take his seat in an easy-chair in the shade. He wore a red hat, and



GENEALOGICAL TREE OF THE PECCI FAMILY

pass along an alley flanked by high hedges of box, oleanders, myrtles, and many exotic plants. In the gardens there is a pigeon-house, and an enclosure in which ostriches, pelicans, and antelopes are kept.

a light silken cloak over his white cassock; he leant on a stick when he walked in the shady alleys. Cesare, the old gardener, often presented him with a bunch of flowers, and the Pope smiled, and asked for information about



A REST IN THE VATICAN GARDENS
(Count Camillo Pecci in attendance)

the specially rare plants, and about his vineyard, in which he was particularly interested. Commendatore Sterbini took special care of this vineyard. One morning, on entering the Pope's room, he found him occupied in the perusal of an article on the diseases of the vine. He immediately began to talk about his vineyard, and about a special treatment suggested by the article. Sterbini took out his spectacles; but the Pope said, laughing: "Spectacles at your age! See how I can read this pamphlet." Unhappily the remedies suggested by the article proved ineffective. Sterbini was forced to

recognize that the vintage was a failure; little wine was obtained, and that little poor. The *scalco* tried to sell it at a low price to servants and the like; but buyers did not come, and he had to admit an œnological defeat. Such is the mystery of the Vatican gardens.

The truth is, in conclusion, that the whole intimate life of the Pope was always of a rare simplicity; but the public did not care for very simple things, and devoured with delight all the strange inventions published by certain French and English authors, who, without ever having seen the Vatican, managed to get themselves accepted as authorities.





THE LATE JAMES ABBOTT McNEILL WHISTLER
(From the etching by Mortimer Menpes. Courtesy of F. Keppel & Co.)

Whistler

By CHRISTIAN BRINTON

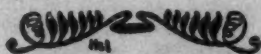
CURRENT art has never witnessed anything more diverting than the career of Whistler. From the outset he was perverse, paradoxical. He began by sniffing at the past and gazing upon the present with incomparable freshness and vivacity. Though in painting he vaguely harked back to Velasquez, and in etching to Rembrandt, assiduous self-cultivation kept him Whistlerian, Whistlerish, in its most acute form. He was the apostle of the personal pronoun first person singular, the incarnation of egomania. Whistler the social mountebank and Whistler the artist may have seemed dissimilar, but in essentials they were identical. The Whistler of the infantile straw hat, long cloak, and hair dyed black—save a stray curl in the centre left snow-white and tied about with a pink ribbon,—was the Whistler who forestalled caricature and parodied parody. Yet this was the Whistler who gave us such luminous nocturnes, such captivating etchings and lithographs, fragmentary and capricious, but eternal in their negligence, which was always just the negligence of nature herself.

The halo which once encircled Whistler's portraits has since assumed saner proportions. The periodic "symphonies," "harmonies," and "arrangements" in grey and green, green and rose, purple and gold, or brown and black displayed more novelty than humanity. Apart from a scant half dozen they were little beyond studies in subdued *Japonisme* with subtle dashes of Velasquez. The portrait of his mother alone showed adequate depth, for the over-lauded Carlyle was merely a male replica of the single canvas wherein the painter was able to lose—and to find—himself.

It was not in portraiture but in etching and in lithography that Whistler disclosed the validity of his talent. The particular appeal of his etchings lay in

their sprightly, casual verity. Nowhere was there the least attempt to prettify nature, to provoke sentiments other than æsthetic. They exalted the incidental, the indifferent; they surprised beauty in a dog straying across the street, in the shabby shop-fronts of Chelsea, the wharves and warehouses of the Pool, the bridges and barges along the Thames. While subsisting precariously in Venice on polenta and macaroni, Whistler ignored the Venice of tradition, of Turner, or of Canale, and went about ferreting out old bits full of tattered individuality. Whether in London, or Venice, or Paris, his view-point was always personal and whimsical, never literary nor pictorial. An absolute master of line, a subtle, accurate workman, he recorded scattered impressions with a freedom and precision quite beyond precedent. The Thames etchings were clearly the best, but they were all enchanting in their nonchalance, their unpoetical poetry.

Lithography revealed an even more absorbing phase of Whistler's art, for it was unquestionably his most fitting medium. His work on stone lacked the chromatic glory achieved by certain Frenchmen, but in compensation it excelled through its careless, involuntary, almost vagrant grace. It would be quite precipitate, quite wanting in perspective, to echo the ecstatic obituary estimates of this amazing man. His message was a restricted one, and at times his work was a wilful perversion of reality. In sincere moments he did much to redeem art, to render it less formal and alien by making an aim of aimlessness, a cult of inconsequence. Perhaps his chief triumph lay in the fact that he perfected the gentle art of being, in all things,—himself. Yet the impression he leaves behind seems tinged with pathetic futility. One cannot be both king and court jester.



Maeterlinck and "Joyzelle"

By GRACE CORNEAU

"JOYZELLE," long awaited and widely advertised, has proved a dramatic Waterloo for Maurice Maeterlinck, as little anticipated as Napoleon's defeat, for great things were expected of the celebrated Belgian author's drama, and the disappointment was consequently deeper than that which follows the failure of an ordinary writer's play.

Eighty impresarios from all over the world came to Paris to assist at the première, each ready to bid a fabulous sum for the rights of the foreign production of the play, and each must have been glad that he had not, like Schurmann, undertaken to mount it in Paris, a bold undertaking, for every director in the city had refused it with extravagant praise and effusive thanks, but, nevertheless, firmly and without regret.

Despite "Monna Vanna's" success it is evident that, up to the present at least, Maeterlinck has not yet written his dramatic *chef d'œuvre*, and nothing in the way of a play at all comparable to his delightful book, "La Vie des Abeilles," another of which would quite compensate one for "Joyzelle."

No play was ever more widely announced, nor so impatiently anticipated as this Maeterlinck play, destined to be the closing sensation of the season. Under such conditions, its failure to attain the rank of a *chef d'œuvre* was particularly marked and a deep disappointment to the author himself as well as to his attractive wife, Georgette Leblanc, whose devotion and talent were not enough to bring her celebrated husband's drama to a successful climax.

In the first place, the *genre* of the piece is distasteful, and as there is little else to compensate one for the style of the play, one is obliged to condemn it as tedious and pretentious, written in bad verse, or rather in a bad attempt at blank verse, and the whole so obscure, so mythical, and so *raid*, as the French say, that one is almost glad when the curtain falls on the last act.

Yet the theme is interesting—contradictory as this statement may seem,—and one would regret not having seen the play, as it represents a phase in Maeterlinck's work that one would be sorry to have missed.

I personally feel as though Maeterlinck had, like many other people as soon as they become famous, tried to outdo himself in his own specialty, that is to say, mysticism and symbolism, and had only succeeded in producing an obscure, heavy, almost unintelligible work.

"My play," said Maeterlinck in speaking of "Joyzelle," "is the triumph of love and will over fatality, and my heroine a spontaneous being of life, grace, and love who, by the sheer force of her will and her love, triumphs over all obstacles," and this sums up the theme of the play.

The symbolic figure, quite as important a character as the heroine herself, is Merlin, the enchanter, drawn from the Merlin of old, familiar in the legends of the Knights of the Round Table, but a modernized Merlin, with the human desire to see his son happily established in life, a picturesque character whom the author has endeavored to paint as a type of humanity in centuries to come.

In many respects Merlin resembles the Marco of "Monna Vanna," obliged to torture his son in the interest of the besieged Pisans, while Merlin has only the future happiness of his boy to assure—meant to signify a future reign of happiness and not interest among men, an ideal humanity, which Maeterlinck has done well to indicate as many centuries off.

By his magic Merlin knows that his son Lanceor will never be happy unless he is loved by Joyzelle, a love Maeterlinck styles as "a heroic love sweeter than a flower, a love which takes all and returns more than it has obtained, which never hesitates, and is never mistaken, that nothing baffles, that

hears nor sees nothing else but mysterious happiness invisible to all others—and through every form and every trial always perceived it and smilingly advanced, even towards crime, to re-indicate it."

If such a love can be obtained by Lanceor, his life will be longer, more beautiful, and more full of happiness than that of other men. He meets Joyzelle and from this moment their "souls are confounded."

But Merlin is suspicious and refuses to accept his son's choice until he has put her to the severest tests, even to terrible temptation. Joyzelle's love, however, is superhuman, as love should be, and triumphs over every obstacle, finally uniting Lanceor and Joyzelle in a bond of eternal happiness.

The dead garden which is awakened by the breath of love and where the flowers, one after another, rise up in beauty under the passage of love's footsteps is a delicately picturesque scene, while the tests to which the young virgin is put to prove the purity of her love are exceedingly well done and form the dramatic feature of the play, which a little simplicity might have saved from disaster. The decorations were inferior to those generally seen in Paris, and taught one to appreciate the marvellous stage setting French artists alone seem capable of devising. The scene painting was all the work of Duse's painter, Rovescalli, the leading stage decorator in Italy, but notably inferior to that which Amable Jambon and other Frenchmen produce.

No one in contemporaneous literature occupies a more conspicuous place than Maurice Maeterlinck, who has undertaken to divine the secrets of the human heart, to analyze and paint them through the symbols which he used to express his thoughts. In appearance he is simple and grave, for he rarely smiles, and before replying to a question seems to hesitate and weigh his answer, which he finally gives in an almost troubled fashion.

The profound modification in his methods of dramatic writing is exceedingly marked in "Joyzelle," and one feels far away from "Pelleas and Mélisande," as well as from "Monna Vanna."

One of Maeterlinck's own prefaces to his theatrical works best explains this process of evolution which has led up to the work in question.

As regards his early plays, he writes:

At first one has faith in enormous powers, invisible and fatal, whose intentions no one knows, but which the dramatic spirit supposes inclined to evil, attentive to all our actions, hostile to our smiles, to life itself, to peace, and to happiness. Innocent destinies, involuntary enemies, unite and separate for the ruin of all under the saddened gaze of wise ones, who, while able to predict the future, can change nothing in the cruel game of love and death. And love and death and the other powers exercise a sort of an inevitable injustice which is perhaps only the caprice of destiny.

In other words, Maeterlinck used to believe in the triumph of death over life. To-day he has changed his convictions and would have life and love triumph over death and fate, and above all encourage man to endeavor to find new motives to live, to persevere, and to triumph.

Already the little Norman cottage tempts him with its quiet calm and peaceful occupations. While he digs and plants in his garden he composes his literary productions, the manual labor seemingly forming a useful accompaniment to his intellectual work. And, despite the glamor of the footlights, the flattery of his admirers, the devotion of his disciples, he is longing for his country home. "He thinks of nothing else," said Georgette Leblanc wistfully, for she has not quite forgotten that she is a Parisienne as well as Madame Maeterlinck. To her belongs this change in her husband's sentiments, for with a woman's love came a philosopher-poet's hope and belief in happiness and love.





The Lounger in London

ENGLAND is developing a new style of humor, as well as America, and it is quite as different from the old humor as the new American humor is different from Artemus Ward and the earlier Mark Twain. The most conspicuous of these newer humorists is Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton. In America he would hardly be called a humorist at all, but in England he comes under that head. His writings,

New English Humor.



From

MR. CHESTERTON AS HE WOULD LIKE TO BE

(After a drawing by himself)

The Idler

up to his latest volume, have been largely composed of paradoxes and surprises. One does not know just where he is "at," as we say in America. After reading an essay by Mr. Chesterton we feel that he is rather poking fun at one and that he does n't mean half he says. It was therefore a good deal of a surprise when he was chosen by Messrs. Macmillan to write the study of Browning for their English Men of Letters series, but Messrs. Macmillan builded better than the public knew, for no book in that admirable series has attracted so much attention as this book on Browning, which has also recently been published in the United States. The reviews that the book is receiving are remarkable. As far as I know there has not been a dissentient voice. Readers seem to take Mr. Chesterton's views of the great English poet as a tonic. They brace one up mentally and give one something to think about.

Mr. Chesterton has only been known to the public for a comparatively short time, and not more than three or four volumes—and those very small ones—bear his name on the title-page. Such work as his is not likely to gain wide popularity. It is stiff reading for the general public, but among the discriminating few it receives the highest appreciation.

Mr. Chesterton is one among those writers who have graduated from journalism, hardly graduated from it, perhaps, for he is still a regular contributor to the London *Daily News*, having the same position on that paper that Mr.

Andrew Lang held for a number of years. A sort of go-as-you-please column is conducted by him in that journal. He writes on any subject that interests him, and the way he treats the subject, no matter what it may be, interests his readers.

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Mr. Chesterton was interviewed recently and bore the ordeal with great patience—indeed, he seemed rather to like it. He considers the interview as being very typical of our time.

He Likes
being
Interviewed.

"What on earth," he remarked, "can be more natural than interviewing? What can be more natural than going to see a man, asking him what he thinks, and then telling other people? It is much simpler than writing books or making speeches in Parliament. The only thing one asks is that it shall be done well, just as we ask it in a farce or a melodrama or a music-hall song. The only way to get these done well is to respect them."

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Mr. Chesterton attributes his success to his persistency in bombarding journals with his MSS. Some years ago, when he was quite inexperienced in press work, he was asked to write some articles for a certain paper. Any other man than Mr. Chesterton would have looked over a file of the paper and studied the style of article that it was in the habit of printing; but he took no such precautions. According to his own confession, he simply sat down and wrote an article on some subject that happened to please him, putting, however, his very best work into it, and the result was quite a new sort of thing for that particular paper. It came with rather a shock to its readers, who were surprised, though apparently pleased, with the innovation.

Simply Sat
down and
Wrote.

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It is rather interesting to know that Mr. Chesterton when he left school intended to adopt art as a profession and studied for some time in well-known London studios. Even now, though

An Untidy
Genius.



From

MR. CHESTERTON AS HE IS
(Drawn by Mr. Chesterton)

The Idler

he has laid aside the pencil for the pen, he usually carries a bit of crayon in his pocket and wherever he sees a blank wall he proceeds at once to decorate it with some fantastic idea that has possession of his mind at the time. In appearance Mr. Chesterton looks more like an artist Bohemian than a man of letters. He has been described as belonging to the untidy type of genius. Dress is the last thing that he thinks about. He wears a broad-brimmed slouch hat, something rarely seen in the streets of London, and his whole appearance is in keeping with his hat. Mr. Chesterton is perhaps not so well known to American readers to-day as he will be. Messrs. Dodd, Mead &

Co. have published one or two of his volumes of essays and will shortly publish others. As I said before, the Macmillan Co. publish "Browning."

Mr. S. S. McClure is spending his summer holiday in Switzerland. When he returns to America in September, he is going to devote his energies to editing *McClure's Magazine*. When one realizes the extent of Mr. McClure's energies one can appreciate what stirring times there will be in the office of this magazine when he takes the reins. Mr. McClure says that *McClure's* has really never had an editor, that every one on the staff has edited it, and not any one in particular. If a magazine can be as good as *McClure's* without an editor, what will it be with one? What Mr. McClure says about his magazine never having had an editor must be taken in a Pickwickian sense. It has always had his personality behind it, and that has been felt on every page.

All persons interested in the stage were glad to read the announcement made from London by Mr. Charles Frohman of a series of Shakespearean performances in which Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothorn will appear together. It has long been known that both of these "stars" were weary of modern plays and longed to return to classic drama—to the "plays of papa Shakespeare," as Mme. Duse recently described them. Miss Marlowe has long been identified with Shakespearean rôles, in which she has no rival among the younger actresses of the day. Mr. Sothorn has done his most notable work as Hamlet, and it will be interesting to see what he will do with Romeo and Orlando. Miss Marlowe's Juliet and Rosalind are well known. It may be out of place to mention money in connection with art, but I venture to say that no such terms as have been offered Miss Marlowe by Mr. Frohman were ever offered an actress by a manager. The period

of the contract covers three years, at the end of which time Miss Marlowe will be quite rich enough to retire from the stage, if she should desire to visit us with such a calamity. One interesting clause in the contract is that Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothorn are to play in London for a month each season. Miss Marlowe has never acted in London, curiously enough, but now she will be seen to the best advantage, and I am inclined to think that she will make a sensation.

Beginning in September, Miss Marlowe will be seen for the first time in modern comedy. She will play the part of a young married woman with a son of six years of age, in "Fools of Nature," by H. V. Esmond, who is only second to A. W. Pinero as a writer of brilliant dialogue and as a reader of the human heart. It will be interesting to see what Miss Marlowe will do with a part so new to her repertoire, as interesting to her, I should say, as to her audiences.

One of the most amusing things to me about the London evening papers is the way they print their "extras." Instead of lifting out an early bit of news to insert the new they leave a blank space in the early editions with the title "Stop-press News" printed over it. You see at a glance that there is no news there, but you know that the space will be filled later. This, taken from a recent copy of the *Westminster Gazette*, is about as exciting as this "stop-press news" usually is. It is, I should add, printed in very pale ink and is often unreadable:

STOP-PRESS NEWS.

Birmingham, 2.0—Baron Kendal 1, Rosedale 2, Firebrand f 3. 19 ran. Evens winner.

Sandown, 2.0—Out o' Sight 1, Bachelor's Fancy 2, Castle Wise 3. 15 ran. 11 to 2 agst winner.

Notts 168 for 9—lunch

Leicester 173 for 5—lunch

At Exeter to-day Mr. Bartlett, Town Clerk of

Miss
Marlowe and
Mr. Sothorn
Joint Stars.

A New Play
for Miss
Marlowe.

London's
"Extras."

Dartmouth, was sentenced to three years' penal servitude for fraudulently converting to his own use £3,500, the moneys of a client.

In New York we should hardly think this worth stopping the presses for. Even in London they do not seem to think it very important, for its place is at the foot of an inside page.



There has just appeared in London a book called "The Preposterous Yankee," which, on its title-page, bears the name of "Montague Vernon Ponsonby, Esq.," as that of its author. Of course, this is a pen name, the author being of too modest and retiring a disposition to make himself known; or perhaps he does not wish his fellow-countrymen to think that he looks with too lenient an eye upon the weaknesses of his American cousins. The book is evidently intended as a companion volume to "The Unspeakable Scot" and "The Egregious English," but its refined tone and the wonderful self-restraint of its author put it quite out of the class to which those intemperate volumes belong.

To prove that "Mr. Ponsonby" has written this book solely to promote the *entente cordiale* I can do no better than to quote from its pages. Let us take the opening paragraph of chapter i. to begin with:

The American is free only in the declaration of independence. In actual life he is as much a feudal vassal as were the ancient Britons who were ordered about by Druids and burned by them when they needed fuel.

Thousands of New Yorkers live in residential hotels. These remind the Englishman strangely of London workhouses, whose inmates are fed on the fodder trough principle, and who are dictated to by beadles and other officious creatures.



It is when writing of society in America that "Mr. Ponsonby" shows us that he has none of the picturesque quality he has just attributed to the Americans:

As a matter of fact, few big social functions take place in American high life without at least one fist fight, though, to do the men justice, it must be admitted that they rarely punch one another while

they remain sober. But of course there is plenty of time for personal encounters at balls and dinners in Fifth Avenue.

A leader of the "Four Hundred"—that's what society calls itself, because, as it boasts, there are at least 400 persons who don't put their knives in their mouths—this leader cut a gentleman off her visiting list because he slapped men's faces at her parties. She was accused of "aping European exclusiveness," and was quite unpopular for a while.

For "Mr. Ponsonby" to explain that this fighting at social functions only goes on when the men have become intoxicated shows that it is his desire to excuse our social lapses, and that he admits that there are four hundred men and women in New York who do not bat with their knives is an act of generosity on his part that cannot fail of appreciation.



We all know that the life of the "commuter" is not a happy one, but few of us, I imagine, realize "Mr. Ponsonby's" exalted ideal of the "deep damnation" of his life or the extent of his prowess.

It is nothing unusual to see a commuter with a sack of potatoes or a barrel of flour strapped on his shoulders making his way to the malaria-ridden swamp to which he has consigned his family.

During my sojourn in America I never met a "commuter" on his way home who had with him anything smaller than a ham. His children spend their time during the day—they have absolutely nothing else to do—wondering whether papa will bring home to-night a haunch of pork or a bushel of coal. He is as likely to arrive at his wooden hut bearing a hundred-weight of firewood as he is to turn up with fifty or sixty pounds of bricks with which to mend the chimney-pot.

Chicago is made the subject of a special chapter. "Mr. Ponsonby" shows great restraint in his use of adjectives when describing that city:

Chicago is a blank, dreary city; flat, stale, unprofitable, gawky, dry and dusty, dirty, and wholly preposterous, located on the western shore of a large pool of dirty water known as Lake Michigan.

Chicago is the only city which the writer has ever

Fighting at
"Functions."

Chicago
under Fire.

visited in which he felt afraid of his life in broad daylight on a principal thoroughfare.

In Chicago law and order are both unknown. The favorite weapon is the sandbag. This is a stocking full of sand or bird shot. The owner of the sandbag hies himself forth and whangs upon the back of the head any citizen who looks as if he had a gold watch or a purse.

To be sure a few weeks ago, in Colchester, an English city of about the size of New Rochelle, a soldier in broad daylight, on one of the principal streets, drew his sword and cut a woman's head off because she spoke slightly of his appearance as he swaggered by, but that was, of course, not an every-day occurrence, like the sandbagging in Chicago.

As a matter of fact, I doubt if this Mr. "Ponsonby" was ever in America. The fact that he says that he was proves nothing. My opinion is that he is a bagman who employed his vacation in reading Dickens's "American Notes" and Mr. Trollope's book on America, and then decided to win a little notoriety by exaggerating their exaggerations. The English papers have treated the book with the silence that it deserves, but I could not resist the temptation to have a little fun with it.

Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins's marriage on July 1st to Miss Elizabeth Sheldon, according to the *St. James's Gazette*, "removes one of the most fascinating from the ranks of desirable bachelors." The ceremony took place in the beautiful church of St. Bride, in Fleet Street, famous in the eyes of many of its visitors because, as one American lady put it, "Anthony Hope's father preaches here!"

Ever gallant, Anthony Hope—the *St. James's* continues—was the subject of an episode recently that enabled him to pay to an unknown lady admirer a compliment which was as great as it was delicate. Away on the banks of the Moselle, in a niche in a church wall, stands a statue of St. Anthony, and by a curious chance the profile of the

saint is the profile of the novelist. At one time another writer of stories and a lady who much admired Mr. Hope came together before the shrine. The former suggested that the lady should assume a reverential attitude before the saint, and let him photograph the scene. Then he would send the photograph to Anthony Hope, who was a friend of his, and give her whatever reply came back. The lady sank on her knees and raised her hands in adoration. A successful picture resulted, and was sent to London with a description of "The Adoration of St. Anthony." Anthony Hope wrote back his thanks, and concluded that the title should rather have been "The Temptation of St. Anthony."

It is with particular regret that one notes the death of William Ernest Henley. Like the late Robert Buchanan, Mr. Henley just missed achieving his rightful place in English letters, and the reason, as in the case of Buchanan, seems largely to have been temperamental. Both men were highly gifted, writing verse or prose with equal force and facility, yet each had a streak in him which, for want of a better name, may be termed cross-grained. Henley has left behind him strong poems, poems which ring true, and which stir the blood. His essays, art criticisms, and biographical work were of a very high order of merit. He was no formalist in either prose or verse and had the faculty of hitting hard and hitting straight. It is an enduring pity that his last few troubled months should have been clouded by criticism which, however merited, must have been a shock and a surprise to one who, though he wrote without tact of his quondam friend "R. L. S.," certainly wrote in good faith. Yet it is not necessary here and now to rake over the ashes of controversy, to take sides in any issue, but to record with regret the passing of a brilliant spirit, and one whose flight through life was darkened by many a distress borne in manful silence.

JEANNETTE L. GILDER.

LONDON, July, 1903.

Mr. Anthony Hope was Tempted.

The Passing of Henley.

The Young Man in Fiction

By G. K. CHESTERTON

THERE are some words which remain in current use like fossils of some primeval epoch embedded in a later deposit. One of these, of course, is the word "hero." The modern novelist steering a nondescript young man through trivial temptations and dreary embarrassments still insists on calling him the hero, the name which rings with the sound of the harp and sword. To a young gentleman of bewilderingly feeble character, to a young man who cannot decide which of three ladies he is in love with or which of six friends has really been his moral ruin, who covers trifling sins with transparent lies and a coarse vanity with a crude philosophy, who loses his faith in God when he reads half a page of German and loses his faith in his wife when he hears half a sentence in a club,—to this watery Reuben of modernity, it is still correct to apply the most tremendous title of Sigurd or Achilles.

It would be interesting to trace, however roughly, this degeneration in the use of the word hero. Primarily, of course, in the great early epics, a hero means a hero, a being human indeed, but of so vast and towering a humanity that he is stronger than the circumstances which debase or limit human life. The victory of the divine part of man (for the hero was commonly partly of the blood of the gods) over the merely brutal part of the Cosmos is, of course, the central conception of all the fairy tales. In them, it is true, the victory is only a victory over dragons or ogres, but about the philosophical moral there can be no question; and the great gap in modern literature, a gap as wide as a howling desert, is the almost total absence of what may be called a story of heroic psychology. The typical intellectual romance of our day rings the changes perpetually upon one mournful bell: it is always concerned with the frustration or defeat of a human spirit by the savage irony of facts. This will appear to the lover of heroic literature a thing inverted and

grotesque. It is as if he read a string of legends in which the dragon always ate St. George, or a story in which Cinderella's prince married one of the ugly sisters, or a Greek legend in which King Erytheus had to provide a new Hercules for each of the twelve labors. This kind of literature has for its great theme the manner in which man by faith and courage can beat down circumstance: of the victories of the body, the ancient literature spoke sublimely; of the similar victories of the soul, modern literature scarcely dares to speak at all. But when the work of genius shall come, which shall give us a psychological Hercules; which shall show that there is potentially a rejection for every temptation; a mastery for every mischance, much as there is a parry for every stroke of the sword, the event will certainly be something more important perhaps than the French Revolution. It will inaugurate a new literature and very possibly found a new religion.

To this primeval hero, youth was naturally attributed, and from the epics downwards we see this gradual transition from the hero to the young man who is still called by his title. But it is only very recently indeed that he has lost the last gleam from the sunset of the heroes. It might not strike the intellect at first that there was much resemblance between Hector and Nicholas Nickleby, or between Roland at Roncesvalles and Frank Fairleigh. But so it is when we consider the matter with a greater delicacy. Nicholas Nickleby, fallen and diminished, is still the hero, the Squeers slayer, and wears silver armor under his curious tight clothes; Frank Fairleigh, respectable as he appears, is undoubtedly the son of Jupiter. For these young men of early Victorian fiction move with a light step, the light step of the destined conqueror; they have a star of good luck above them and are marked by a kind of merry fatalism. Their ups and downs are indeed desolating; they are

bandied about, as it were, from father to father; they think sometimes that they are orphans, sometimes that they are dukes, sometimes that they are hereditary criminals; they doubt their friends and their title-deeds, and almost their own faces in the glass. But one thing they never doubt,—not one of them ever doubts that he is the third brother in the fairy tale.

Thus down to the time of Dickens we have the first walking gentleman, the young man, carrying with him a certain ancestral light and atmosphere of legend. And about the time of Dickens's later work that light fades into the light of common day. The first great creation in the new manner in England is the character of Arthur Pendennis. This is the young man lit from head to foot suddenly with the white light of realism, all the red lamps of legend being extinguished around him. Here we have the young man not engaged consistently in horse-whipping destiny, but fighting with it foolishly, irregularly, with tolerable courage, with frequent cowardice, and often getting horsewhipped himself. Here we have not merely St. George killing the dragon; we have St. George running away from the dragon, St. George forgetting the dragon, St. George bargaining with the dragon, St. George asking the dragon to dinner. It is a sobering picture but not a depressing one. Destructive realism is not by any means reality; it only tears up the flowers to find the garden, and so finds only a wilderness. But it has one great advantage when it is effected by a master of veracity like Thackeray: that, when all the illusions have been dispelled and the whole scene disenchanting, we do come upon the indestructible assurances, the things that remain. And the character of Arthur Pendennis is a translucent and amazing picture of the ordinary young man of the educated type: it reveals all his wanton and useless vices of intellect and temper, but it reveals also a fact about the coarse, selfish, vainglorious average young man of real life, an essential fact without a grasp of which no one can understand him for an instant,

—the fact that as surely as the sea or the heavens are unfathomably deep, he is quite unfathomably and quite idiotically well-meaning.

But more time has elapsed, and again a more curious thing has come about. We have travelled yet another stage along the downward track from the mountain of the heroes. Thackeray did not write of youth in the manner of Dickens or Dumas, who admired their heroes; far less did he write of it in the style of the great primitive poets, who may be said to have feared their heroes. But at least he sympathized with his hero. If he did not conceive him as the child of the gods, he realized to the full the pathos and the gallantry involved in the children of men; if he did not salute the hero's victory, as the poets did, he saluted his sublime defeat. But since Thackeray, there has come into fashion a fiction, of which some of the French and Russian novelists are able exemplars, of which Mr. George Gissing is not innocent, a school which appears positively to despise the young man whom it calls hero. It has not for him even that dark and stormy kindness which one sinner may have for another. At every point the hero is sacrificed to the author, as much as a dog to a vivisectionist; he goes through the ugliest antics of humiliation and meanness, that the author may parade his precious insight and candor: the one must be a cad that the other may be a prig. The story of the young man in fiction has travelled all this strange distance. It begins with the primitive bard, straining his voice and almost breaking his lyre in order to utter the greatness of youth and the greatness of masculinity; it ends with the novelist looking at both of them with a magnifying-glass; it begins with a delight in things above, and ends with a delight in things below us. I for one have little doubt about their relative value. For if a man can say, "I like to find something greater than myself," he may be a fool or a madman, but he has the essential. But if a man says, "I like to find something smaller than myself," there is only one adequate answer,—"You could n't."



Stranger Than Fiction

By JACK LONDON

[An experience solemnly affirmed to be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.]

I REMEMBER frying bacon at a noon halt on the Klondike Trail, some several years back, while I listened incredulously to a Yukon pioneer's tale of woe. There were tears in his voice and a querulous plaint, as he told me of all he had suffered from the mosquitoes. Before his recital reached a close he became angry at the little winged pests, the injuries they had done him waxed colossal, and he cursed them in terms the most uncompromisingly blasphemous I have ever heard.

He was a strong man. He had been seven years in the land. I knew, at that very moment, that he was resting from a tramp of fifty miles which he had covered in the last fifteen hours, and that he intended to cover twenty-five miles more before night came on.

As I say, I knew all this. The man was real. He had done things. He had a reputation. Yet I said to myself: *These mosquito-happenings are impossible things. They cannot be true. The man lies.*

Four months later, two comrades and I, three strong men of us, went down the Yukon two thousand miles in an open boat. Tears came into our voices and remained there, likewise the querulous plaint. We grew irritable and quarrelsome. Instead of talking like men we whined broken-spiritedly, and said that of mosquitoes the half had not been told. And I, for one, marvelled at the restraint and control of the man who had first told me of the mosquito at the noon halt on the Klondike Trail.

Since then, in civilization, I have attempted to tell the story of the mos-

quito. My friends have listened pityingly, or looked bored, or told me plainly that veracity was evidently not a Klondike product. These things I endured, striving to redeem myself with greater earnestness and detail; but, finally, when one fellow said, "That reminds me of a real mosquito story," I dropped the subject for good and all. Since then I have been most exemplary in my conduct and morals, and I still hope that before I totter into the grave I shall succeed in living down my reputation for untruthfulness.

I do not dare to tell the story of the mosquito here. I have merely hinted at it in this somewhat lengthy preamble in order to show that I understand and forgive the editorial mind when certain facts of mine, in fictional garb, are promptly returned to me. For be it known that truth is so much stranger than fiction that it is unreal to editors and readers.

For instance, I knew a girl. Our first meeting was typical. It was up in the rugged Sierras. In the cool of the day she came out of the dark pine woods, in short-skirted costume, her hair down her back, a shotgun across the hollow of her arm. She was hunting rabbits—for her, deer and a Winchester rifle would have been just as likely. She was quite unconventional, and she was straight. She could ride a horse better than the average bronchobuster. She could go down in a diving-bell, scratch off a magazine article (which would sell), or do a Highland fling on the vaudeville stage, for the fun of the thing. On the other hand, she had opened the books. I have at

hand now a score of dainty poems by her. She was as close to culture as she was to the wild, free life of the open or of Bohemia. In few words, she was a striking creature.

I toned her down and made a heroine of her. It was for the sake of veracity, and because I remembered the story of the mosquito, that I toned her down. I took away from her realness, diminished the living fact of her, in order that the reader might believe she was real and a living fact. The reviewers swiftly proved to me how signally I had failed. I quote at random: "One cannot believe in her, but one likes her and forgives her culture"; "a projection of the writer's ideal woman upon paper"; "a monster"; "a thing contrary to nature"; "remains at the end of the story utterly incredible and even inconceivable."

From time to time I have written short adventure-stories for a famous juvenile publication. My experience with these stories was practically uniform. Whenever I evolved out of my sheer inner consciousness some boyish adventure, it received the most flattering approval of the editors. Whenever my inner consciousness was not in working order, and I fell back on the facts of my life, wrote adventures I had actually gone through, things I had done with my own hands and head, the editors hummed and hawed. "It is not real," they said. "It is impossible. It could not have happened thus and so."

Once, when they commented in this fashion upon a cliff-climbing story of mine, a literal narrative of a thing I had done, as had thousands of others as well, I flew into rebellion. "I can readily comprehend," I wrote them, though I really did n't at the moment, so befuddled was my reason by my wrath, "I can readily comprehend that the state of consciousness you may achieve on the flat floor of your editorial sanctum concerning a man plastered against the frown of a cliff is a far different state of consciousness from that a man may achieve who is plastered against the frown of a cliff." They were very nice about it, taking

my criticism in better part than I took theirs; and, for that matter, they could afford to, for they were in the right. It is incontrovertible that one cannot do on the printed page what one does in life.

I once wrote a story of a tramp. I intended it to be the first of a series of tramp stories, all of which were to relate the adventures of a single tramp character. I was well fitted to write this series, and for two reasons. First, I had myself tramped ten thousand miles or so through the United States and Canada, begged for my food from door to door, and performed sentences for vagrancy in various jails. Second, my tramp character was a personal friend. Many a time he had shoved his legs under my table or turned into my bed with me. I knew him better than I did my brother. He was a remarkable man, college-educated, qualified to practise law in all the courts, spilling over with the minutest details of every world-philosophy from Zeno to Nietzsche, deeply versed in political economy and sociology, a brilliant lecturer—in short, a genius of extraordinary calibre.

To exploit in fiction this living fact, I not only toned him down, but actually used an experience of his for the *motif* of the first story. I make bold to say that it is one of the best stories I ever wrote, if it is not the best. When nobody is around I often sneak it out from the bottom of the box and read it with huge delight, hugging myself the while and feeling great sorrow for the world which is denied my joy.

I need hardly say that this story, to the editorial mind, was an unveracious thing. One editor, only, did it convince. And this is how it was. I knew a young writer in Southern California who tramped East for the experience. I shall call him Jones. Well, Jones met this particular editor in New York City and told him divers of his own tramp experiences. Shortly afterward, my tramp story was submitted to this editor. In this fashion he explained his rejection of it: "Had I not known Mr. Jones for some time

past, I should have said such a creation as your Tramp was absolutely and utterly impossible, and my reason for rejecting the MS. is that to other people who have not had the opportunity to really understand what a tramp may be, whence he may come, and into what he may be transformed, it might seem too great a tax upon credulity."

Tone down as I would, my Tramp was too real to be true. With the help of Mr. Jones he had convinced but one editor, who, in turn, said very truly that his readers, not having the advantage of Mr. Jones's acquaintance, would remain unconvinced. Suffice it to say, beyond the initial story, the series remains unwritten, and the world little recks of what it has lost.

I had a certain pastoral experience. The effect was cumulative. I had dealings with several hundred different people of all ages, sizes, and sexes, through a long period of time, so that the human traits and psychology involved were not extraordinary but merely average human traits and psychology. I sat down and brooded over this pastoral experience. Alas! said I to myself, it would make a bully story, but it is too real to be true.

I should have abandoned it altogether had not a new method of treating it come to me. I pulled up to my desk and started in. First I wrote the title. Underneath the title, in brackets, I wrote, "A True Narrative." Then I wrote the experience as it actually happened, using only the naked facts of it, bringing in for verities, and pre-

cisely labelled, my wife, my sister, my nephew, my maid-servant, myself, my house, and my post-office address.

Ah ha! chortled I, as I mailed it East; at last I have circumvented the editorial mind. But it came back. It continued to come back. The editors refused it with phrases complimentary and otherwise, and one and all thanked me for having allowed them the privilege of considering my *story* (!)

At last an editor looked kindly upon it, accepting it with qualifications. He wrote: "It is decidedly good . . . but I shy at the use of the —. With the ordinary reader this would be considered carrying the matter too far, but I can believe it was necessary in reality." And after indicating the changes he would suggest, he wound up with: "For the *story* (!) I will then pay \$—."

Oscar Wilde once proved with fair conclusiveness that Nature imitates Art. I have been forced to conclude that Fact, to be true, must imitate Fiction. The creative imagination is more veracious than the voice of life. Actual events are less true than logical conceits and whimsicalities. And the man who writes fiction had better leave fact alone.

I said to myself that the mosquito-man lied. By innumerable editorial rejections I have been informed that I have lied. And for all that I placed at the head of this narrative, in brackets, a solemn affirmation of its truthfulness I am confident that it will be believed by no one. It is too real to be true.





CHARLES LAMB
(After the drawing by Maclise)

Charles and Mary Lamb

By WILLIAM ARCHER

MR. LUCAS has undertaken a gigantic task in unravelling the web of personal history in which the writings of Charles Lamb are inwoven; and, to judge by this opening volume* of his new edition, he is carrying out his task with rare diligence and remarkable success. There never was a more personal writer than Lamb. The great bulk of his work is more or less autobiographic in character, or at any rate takes its rise in some actual circumstance of his life. The fact that he so often wrapped up the truth in whim, fantasy, and sheer invention does not lighten the editor's task. Lamb was a man of many friends, some of them famous, but many so obscure as to survive, one may say, in his pages alone; and he was perpetually

alluding to them, either directly, or, more often, under initials and disguises of various sorts. To elucidate these allusions, one must have lived oneself into his "set," and must be familiar not only with their writings but with their personalities, their friendships and jealousies, their occupations and diversions, even their places of residence. A study of the topography of central London during the years between 1790 and 1830 is by no means superfluous to the editor of Lamb—to say nothing of indispensable voyages of discovery into the wilds of Middlesex and Hertfordshire. Moreover, the fogleman of the Elizabethan revival of the early nineteenth century was a loving frequenter, not only of the highways, but of many scarce-trodden by-ways, of English literature, and was fond of decorating his own pages with

* "The Works of Charles and Mary Lamb." Edited by E. V. Lucas. Volume I.—Miscellaneous Prose. 1798-1834. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.25 net

flowers culled at random, and sometimes almost unconsciously, in the course of these wanderings. Mr. Lucas is rightly of opinion that, for the sake of the index they provide to Lamb's reading, it is important to trace his quotations; but in acting on this view he has set himself a task which might give employment to a whole staff of investigators, and in which he has, now and then, to confess himself baffled. Finally, Lamb is one of the first of our great writers who approached literature through the gate of journalism. The eighteenth-century essayists were not really journalists in our sense of the word; but it was as a free-lance or skirmisher in the journalistic field, as we now know it, that Lamb did much of his most characteristic work. This fact entails on his editor an infinite deal of grubbing among newspaper-files, collation, noting of excisions and insertions, and bibliographical labor in general. It needed no small courage to face such an undertaking, while to carry it through with the thoroughness which marks Mr. Lucas's work in the present volume implies a truly indomitable assiduity.

If it be asked what use there is in all this toil, and whether it adds to our pleasure in reading Lamb, the answer is simple and conclusive. In the first place, it is inevitable that the work should be done. The antiquarian spirit is not, perhaps, the most reasonable, but certainly one of the most imperious and deep-rooted, of human instincts. A wiser generation may one day be content to set a limit to its retrospective curiosity, and whistle down the wind those trivialities which have no practical, but only a sentimental, importance. Such a generation may arise, but it is assuredly far off. When once a writer has enlisted our interest and touched our sympathies as Lamb has, it becomes inconceivable that we should rest content with less than the fullest attainable knowledge of everything concerning him; and especially do we resent the existence of any unexplained allusion in his text, the record of some operation of his mind, be it the veriest quirk,

to which we have lost the key. Such stumbling-blocks it is the part of an editor to remove, and in this respect Mr. Lucas has largely supplemented the work of his predecessors. He has, moreover, placed every essay in its historical or biographical setting—has quoted documents leading up to it, documents cited in it, and documents ensuing from it. His notes, and especially those which take the form of prolegomena to the individual articles, do assuredly enhance the reader's enjoyment by helping him to place himself at the writer's momentary point of view, and to regard each paper, not as a thing isolated and unconditioned, but as an incident in Lamb's intellectual or social life. Excellent examples of this are the notes on the "Confessions of a Drunkard," on the review of Wordsworth's "Excursion," on the "Letter of Elia to Robert Southey," on Lamb's connection with William Hone, and on the "Recollections of a Late Academician." The notes, indeed, running to more than 160 pages, may be regarded as the first instalment of a veritable encyclopædia of Lamblore; and that is a form of erudition of which we can never have too much.



CAPTAIN STARKEY
(From Hone's *Every-Day Book*)

"The present volume," says the preface, "contains all Lamb's prose with the exception of his work for children, his full notes in the 'Dramatic Specimens' and Garrick Extracts, his prose plays, and the Elia Essays." It contains, moreover, eight pieces not hitherto included in any professedly complete edition, and no fewer than twelve pieces now first publicly identified as the work

complaineth of his "Many Friends"; but this is, perhaps, the least noteworthy of the six. More characteristic, certainly, are the papers on "Readers against the Grain," and the whimsical disquisition on the "Mortifications of an Author" whose friends studiously ignore those periodical writings to which his well-known signature—that of "Olindo"—is attached:



THE AUDIENCE AT THE ORATORIO OF "JUDITH"
(After the picture by Hogarth, engraved by T. Cook)

of Lamb. The most important of Mr. Lucas's "finds," beyond a doubt, are the six "Lepus Papers," rescued from the *New Times* of 1825, by means of a clue contained in Crabb Robinson's manuscript diary. They are nearly, if not quite, in Lamb's happiest vein, and form a substantial and delightful aftermath to Elia, if one may so phrase it. The signature was suggested by the first paper of the series, in which "Lepus"

One would ask me whether I had read that clever article in the ——— Magazine of this month (and here I begin to prick up my ears), signed "Zekiel Homespun."—(Then my ears would flap down again.) . . . I have sifted, I have pumped them (as the vulgar phrase is) till my heart ached, to extort a pittance of acknowledgment. I have descended to arts below any animal but an *Author*, who is veritably the meanest of Heaven's creatures, and my vanity has returned upon myself ungratified, to choke me.

But the most remarkable paper of the series is the last, "A Character," in which Lamb outlines in little a personage very similar to one of Mr. Meredith's greatest creations. He tells us of this "Egomel":

There is an egotism of vanity; but his is not that species either. He is not vain of any talent, or indeed properly of anything he possesses; but his doings and sayings, his little pieces of good or ill luck, the sickness of his maid, the health of his pony, the question whether he shall ride or walk home to-day to Clapham, the shape of his hat or make of his boot; his poultry, and how many eggs they lay daily—are the never-ending topics of his talk. Your goose might lay golden eggs without exciting in him a single curiosity to hear about it. . . . Begin a story, however modest, of your own concerns (something of real interest perhaps), and the little fellow contracts and curls up into his little self immediately, and, with shut ears, sits unmoved, self-centred, as remote from your joys and sorrows as a Pagod or a Lucretian Jupiter.

In Sir Willoughby Patterne the Egotist expands into an Egoist; but the difference is one of scale rather than of essence.

Some readers will, no doubt, think that Mr. Lucas errs on the side of over-annotation, and explains allusions which are matters of common knowledge. For instance, it may be said that no one who can possibly be conceived as reading this book requires to be told who Tom Jones and Bliffl were, or to be put on the track of Strap and Roderick Random. To this objection Mr. Lucas may make a double reply: first, that it is impossible to draw the line and determine what is and is not matter of common knowledge; second, that where the notes are placed at the end of the volume, and not obtruded on the reader along with the author's text, over-annotation can at worst do no great harm, since the reader is in no wise bound to look for elucidations except when he requires them.

In such a multiplicity of notes, dealing with so many departments of literature and history, it is almost inevitable that a few slips should occur. The force of the following remark, apropos



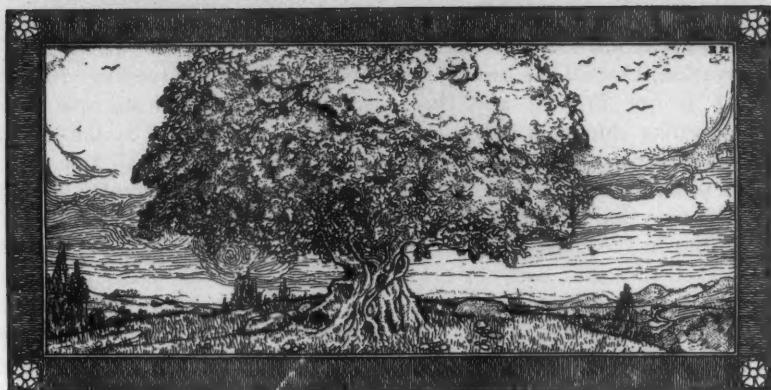
SIR JEFFERY DUNSTAN
(From Hone's *Every-Day Book*)

of Lamb's imitation of Burton, escapes me: "Melancthon is not Philip Melancthon, but the reformer." Mrs. Siddons did not make her first appearance in London as Lady Macbeth, but as Portia. Millwood in "George Barnwell" is not an "adventurer" but an adventurer. "Catalani," spelt rightly in the text, becomes "Catalini" in the notes. If in the *Indicator*, from which Lamb's paper on Sir Thomas More is reprinted, the name of his most famous book is spelt "Eutopia," the mistake ought either to have been corrected or pointed out in a note. In the main, however, Mr. Lucas's work is accurate as well as painstaking, and misprints are very rare indeed. Though the book makes no pretence to be an "illustrated edition," yet its value is greatly enhanced by the series of plates included among the notes. Wherever Lamb criticises or refers to a picture a reproduction of it is given, so that the reader may follow the text with immediate comprehension. These reproductions lay no claim to artistic excellence; they serve the purpose of diagrams rather than of embellishments; but they add greatly to the reader's comfort and pleasure.





A LITHOGRAPH
(Hitherto unpublished)



THE TREE OF ETERNAL BEAUTY

(Headpiece for: Poems by Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning)

ERNEST HASKELL

By CHRISTIAN BRINTON

What if t'ie sky be to him but a silken petticoat, and the blessed sun merely an antique warming-pan?



LET us not speak now of one who sleeps beneath swaying cypress by the Arno, nor of one who rests in the flower-bright cemetery of Maloja. Let us forego awhile the colorful paganism of Böcklin and the penetrant humanity of Segantini. Supreme moments are intermittent, not continuous, and modern effort produces but infrequently an "Island of the Dead" or a "Ploughing in the Engadine." In his Brussels studio Constantin Meunier may be shaping in bronze or marble a Hymn to Labor which shall resound in the ears of the world, but meanwhile there are at one's elbow scores of lesser men who, for this reason and that, exact consideration.

Current art or, to be more specific, current illustration shows salutary tendencies. Though the veterans continue to encore themselves, chief honors fall more and more to certain newer

spirits who make up in dexterity what they lack in originality. It is the young artist that comes to New York via Paris who is to-day doing the best work between book or magazine covers. He may have been in Paris a few weeks, or a few years, but the result is identical. His God is Degas and his Bible "Gil Blas." He wears soft hat and black stock, and, doubtless from motives of condescension, speaks French without the intrusion of a French accent. At first New York is hideous, insufferable, but gradually, if he is made of the right stuff, the blood and iron of the place course through his veins. His milliners and rag-pickers become shop girls and "White Wings," and he paints Madison Square with as much fervor as he ever used in suggesting the evasive poetry of the Luxembourg Gardens. The Brooklyn Bridge seems in a vast, vague way more significant than the Pont des Arts, and sky-scrapers change in time from mere office buildings into mighty cathedrals of industry. In another few weeks, or

few years, he has learned that chic is not observation, that all the beauty in the world is not French, and that everything which shimmers in the sun or slumbers under palpitating stars lies within the province of art.

It may be true that each rule has its exception, but in the present instance Ernest Haskell furnishes both the rule and the exception. This disconcerting individual defies analysis. He is by turns lithographer, painter, etcher, and pastellist. He draws with pen, pencil, charcoal, or diamond; he has executed numerous silver points and is now devoting abundant energy to wood engraving. He combines the æsthetic restlessness of Whistler with the pensive, Third Empire grace of Alfred Stevens. He oscillates between invertebrate flimsiness and modelling which is both firm and suave. In New York he is a Parisian, in Paris a pronounced New Yorker. While from his studio



A MATINÉE GIRL

windows on the Isle de la Cité he watches the Seine sweeping toward the sea, he longs to hear the roar of Elevated Trains; when on Staten Island he sighs for St. Cloud. All this may be because he is still flagrantly young, or it may be inherent,—in any case it is not at present a momentous question.

During his brief years of multiple activity, Ernest Haskell has executed certain lithographs, drawings, and posters which are not merely experimental. This insatiate student has now and again learned his lesson aright, has achieved a gracious distinction and a decorative integrity which are something more than promissory. It matters not that there may linger in these portraits hints of Manet, or in these embellishments for Browning's poems memories of the eager elaboration of St. Aubin and the eighteenth-century engravers. The initial art-impulse lay in imitation, and imitation itself has Divine sanction, for did not God make man in His own image?

Among the earlier Paris sketches it is perhaps the lithographs and monotypes that best reflect Mr. Haskell's characteristic intention. A feverish, impatient workman, intolerant of detail, he here strives chiefly for general effect. Each of these subjects, whether real or fanciful, shows a frank delight in the medium, and each is touched by an elusive charm which just escapes avowed prettiness. It is in the studies of heads, mainly those of women, that Mr. Haskell betrays abiding fidelity to a beauty which is both definite and undefined, both expressed and implied. And it is this same quality of alluring reserve which to-day renders his "Matinée Girls" so disquieting. They are pretty, but not explicitly so; they are modish, though not enslaved by fashion. In hat or loosely knotted



Courtesy of

M. VICTORIEN SARDOU

Life

veil, in deft profile or eyelid in repose, it is difficult to decide where fact leaves off and fiction begins. Mr. Haskell's art displays throughout a touch of improvisation which excludes the possibility of repetition. For this reason there will never be a "Haskell Girl" parading her impassive sameness through an endless cycle of social happenings. It is only the very naïve who duplicate their creations with adoring persistence. Even nature is too modest and too considerate to perpetrate exact copies of her handiwork.

Another stimulating fact about most of Ernest Haskell's early effort is its utter inconstance. The range of subject embraces every conceivable thing one could draw or paint. He passes with persuasive facility from a serene Renaissance head to a wild-eyed, ab-

sinthe-racked student. He proclaims in both theme and treatment that wholesome audacity of youth which disregards all rules and derides all precedent. Yet none among those hastily pulled proofs or rapid pen-and-ink impressions which inflated the portfolios and littered the floor of his Paris studio was without its grain of specific striving to attain fulness of vision and freedom of hand. Certain of these sketches came at times perilously near artistic fooling, yet they answered an immediate purpose. Moreover, Mr. Haskell is not one of those who approach art with a middle-class seriousness, a clumsy reverence, that can never be outgrown. He pursues beauty not with furrowed brow and clenched fist. He carries with him into the Garden of Love a wand, not a bludgeon.



Courtesy of

HEAD OF MRS. LESLIE CARTER AS "DU BARRY"

Mr. David Belasco

The day Ernest Haskell ruefully closed the door of his studio and drove through Paris streets toward the Garde St. Lazare his apprenticeship ceased. He had courted caprice with enthusiasm, had published several cartoons, and held a creditable one-man exhibition, but all had been more or less tentative. It still remained for him to widen his appeal, to seek points of contact, and to establish closer relations with life as it is lived outside of studios and the pates of ambitious young fantasists. Besieging callous art editors with drawings and doing posters for cynical theatrical managers was less consoling than browsing among book stalls along the Quai Voltaire or picking up stray prints at Chateau's. For-

tunately in Mr. Haskell's case the overture to success proved brief despite the fact that he was at first regarded as an inspired trifler. Although he brought with him exquisitely feminine heads dashed off with incomparable negligence and spirit, he carried a murderous-looking stick, had the walk of a dragoon, and was usually attended by a voracious Great Dane named "Boo!" The contrast between the man and his work was disconcerting. It took the phlegmatic editor some moments to make a proper adjustment. The vindication was, however, not long postponed. A stern mask of the Roundhead butcher and a full-length lithograph of bitter-tongued Becky Sharp did much to establish Mr. Has-

kell's vogue. He also rendered with studied indecision the frail, whimsical features of "Lady Babbie" and the crinoline roguishness of "Rose Trelawney." A series of illustrations for Rostand's bric-à-brac "Cyrano de Bergerac" and a profile poster head of Mrs. Fiske further varied the increasing repertoire.

Yet the endeavor of this period was by no means restricted to a devout delineation of character whether real or foot-light. An element of satire, native and inherent, lies at the base of much that Mr. Haskell produces. As with most caricaturists the effect sometimes fails to carry, but in his egregious Sir Thomas Lipton, his pacific Mr. William Dean Howells, and above all in his Master-Manxman, Mr. Hall Caine, pencil and parody are one. This last is the most acrid because the distortion is so subtle. Nothing extraneous is introduced, the features are simply intensified along existent lines. The result is Mr. Hall Caine seen with clairvoyance and without charity. There could be no keener commentary on the canting hypocrisy and crass hysteria of "The Christian" and "The Eternal City." Balancing midway between caricature and portraiture is a head of Sardou which ranks among the best achievements Mr. Haskell has placed to his credit. All the craft, resourcefulness and fertile artifice which characterize the long series of machine-made plays

from "Les pattes de mouche" to "Dante" are suggested in these thin lips and the crow's feet clustering about those deep-set, searching eyes. The old necromancer who for half a century has made puppets pass for throbbing human beings may well be depicted with a covert sneer. Nor should he who has so often travestied the brain and heart of man object to a travesty



Courtesy of

CYRANO DE BERGERAC

R. H. Russell & Co.

which is more implied than expressed.

Suddenly, without the smallest warning, the artist who was thus inspiring confidence and fostering a reputation, disappeared. He was last seen pedalling down the Narrows in a launch propelled by foot-power. It subsequently developed that he reached Paris, leased his old atelier, and sought to resume student ways. But things did not prove the same. When one is vaguely bald, or is beginning to turn gray about the temples, chiefly, though, when one has striven to look life in the face, the dilettante pose seems incomplete. Within the year Mr. Haskell returned

to New York and has since found it more judicious to court public approval than beguile himself for private diversion. During the last twelvemonth his art has broadened in scope and grown more decisive in application. The same appeal is there, the same informality even in studied treatment, but the work of to-day shows a more consistent, a more determinate purpose. Those wayward, caressing impressions which cling about one as do the turn of a wrist or the toss of a head are crystallizing into a clearer mirror of beauty. That which could only be won through coquetry is now at beck and call.

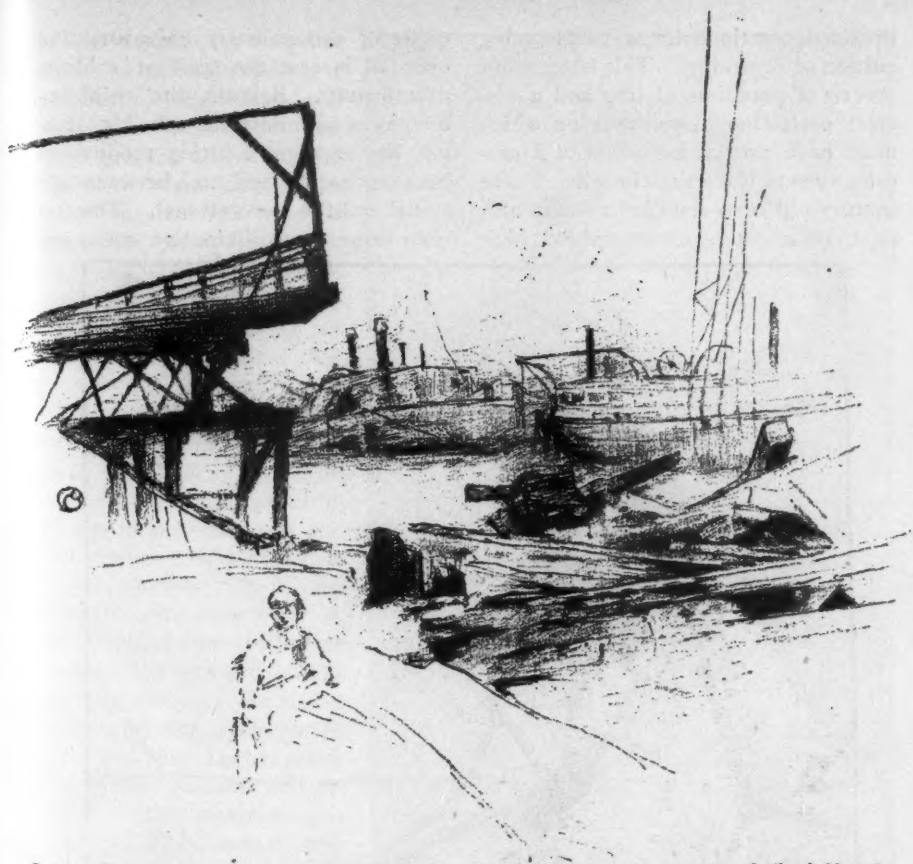
The work which Mr. Haskell has executed since his return includes posters, portraits, lithographs, book-plates, and illustrations, both pictorial and decorative. His most important posters have been a semi-picturesque, semi-psychological version of Miss Elsie de Wolfe in "The Way of the World," a head of Mrs. Leslie Carter as "Du Barry," and Mrs. Fiske as "Mary of Magdala." His Du Barry is not the rose-and-white shepherdess of Fragonard posing on flowered terrace, but a Belascoed Du Barry, distorted and tragic. The real Du Barry seems to linger somewhere between the two extremes. There was drama in the severing of that slender throat, but it was not lusty-lunged, athletic drama. And the blue violets of art are seldom gathered on the Surrey Side.

In his poster of Mrs. Fiske as "Mary of Magdala," Mr.



ERNEST HASKELL

(From an unpublished lithograph dated Paris, 1898)



Courtesy of

LITHOGRAPH OF A RUINED PIER, STATEN ISLAND

Scribner's Magazine

Haskell has ignored tradition with habitual assurance. The seated figure is conceived in a vein more Byzantine than Renaissance, more Assyrian than Byzantine. The tearful and beseechingly sensuous evocation of latter-day fancy has been replaced by a placid outline silhouetted against a background of mosaics. Neither the Oriental fires of Izevl nor the primitive force of Kundry are suggested by this somewhat severe Mary. There is nothing about her to awaken that pathetic, sterile tenderness which enshrines the Magdalenes of all ages. She is not that appealing fusion of passion and

penitence which finds its widest vogue in the Gospel According to Life. Mr. Haskell has here substituted the formalism of art for the fragrance of sentiment. And few, perhaps, know better than he how difficult it is to achieve both at one stroke.

It is not often that Ernest Haskell turns toward landscape, but faint contours of undulating hill or far sailing cloud have lately been creeping into his more ornamental designs. The sojourn on Staten Island has produced a lithograph of the water-front which makes one wish for more of its kind, and landscape furnishes many motifs

in his decorations for a forthcoming edition of Browning. This latter work reveals a precision of line and a discreet perfection in composition which must have proved somewhat of a surprise even to the artist himself. These century-old trees standing on bare hill-tops, these valleys crowned by high

nique of certain early engravers, but over all is cast the spell of a blithe new beauty. Beneath the enfolding boughs of his miniature oaks Mr. Haskell has arranged a fitting rendezvous between nature and art, between the actual and the conventional. This has been done on a diminutive scale, yet



MR. HASKELL'S FIRST LITHOGRAPH, PARIS, 1897
(Hitherto unpublished)

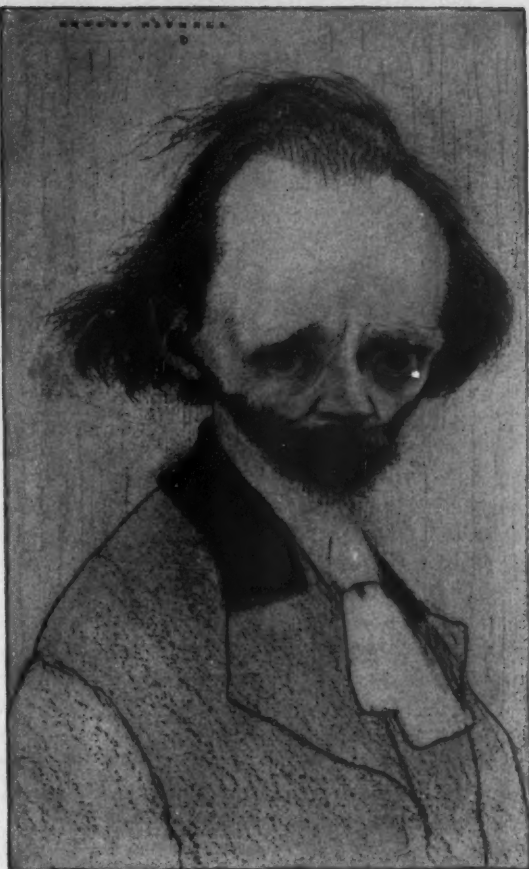
cliffs and watered by silent streams, and these clouds trailing their blue-gold radiance across summer skies add a fresh note to contemporary illustration. There are echoes of Claude and Poussin in the quasi-classical head-pieces, initials, and in the true-cut profile of Hermes. The wreaths and garlands recall the painstaking tech-

here, as in most issues, it is not size but spirit that counts. A single Greek seal may outvalue a hundred triumphal arches.

The aim which finds varied expression in Ernest Haskell's lithographs, posters, pen-and-ink sketches, or silver points is by no means austere in character. Something of summer's lumi-

nous enchantment colors this work. The restrained vigor of Garth Jones and the Dürer-like fantasy of Jan Aarts are not as yet at Mr. Haskell's command. In many regards the head of a certain young creature, with hair wreathed in green and brightened by stray blossoms, seems typical of all which has gone before and possibly of all that may follow. Half-child, half-woman, she gazes with pensive nonchalance at the season's shifting pageant. She promises, but has she the stability to keep those pretty pledges? It is perhaps the same with the artist who stippled dots of carmine into her full lips and faintly outlined cheeks. He is still rehearsing the prologue of art and of life. He has made bewitching gestures, but he knows neither bitterness nor terror, and the inward fires have not burned thus far with consuming energy. Beauty has passed his way and beckoned, but beauty, like her chief exponent, is an exacting little romanticist.

It is a matter for debate whether this dextrous, facile talent will succeed in making terms with life, whether with all its fond inconsequence it will learn to transcribe something beside the play of mood or the tricks of personality. A consistent attitude toward reality and a searching truth of presentation are at present only fitfully manifest. The work of to-day is more a record of chance impressions than a record of convictions clothed in the changing



Courtesy of

MR. HALL CAINE

Life

vesture of outward things. The cult of beauty is there, but those who would add to the treasure-house of art must bring bricks and mortar as well as ivory and sandalwood. Yet when, as in his portrait of Mlle. Marie Rose, Mr. Haskell combines dignity of spirit with fidelity of treatment, the solution seems at hand. The being who for so long lent pure line and noble pose to Puvis de Chevannes's pallid lunettes has not failed the younger man, and if Mr. Haskell will always look into the human heart with something of this steadfast penetration, and will render its



MLLE. MARIE ROSE

(From a pencil sketch, never before published)

accent with kindred surety, then shall he see light ahead. Then shall windows not fail to open for him upon radiant gardens fringed by far, yet fair, horizons.

Outwardly Ernest Haskell is the antithesis of all he thinks and all he does. He is large of bulk, and those who affect sarcasm call him simian of countenance. Aside from art his pastimes are aquatics and cookery. He is a confirmed waterman. The quays and docks of the Thames, the roadstead at Stapleton, and the ferry slips of Manhattan exercise a destructive fascination over him. He gleefully neglects business appointments and breaks lunch engagements to watch a freighter coal-

ing or a couple of tugs nosing a big liner into her course. Compared with his love for painting and his passion for the water, Mr. Haskell's devotion to the culinary art amounts to a frenzy. Had he not been a painter he would have been a 'longshoreman; had he not been either he would have been a chef—a true *cordons bleu*. There is nothing that grows under or above ground, nothing that clings to vine or hangs from branch, naught that flies, swims, crawls, or sleeps and fattens fathom deep that Ernest Haskell would not attempt to cook in any style. Possessing a meagre appetite, and never partaking of the dishes he concocts, Mr. Haskell may be pro-

nounced a cook for the sweet, unsullied love of cooking. If brush or pencil fail him, he has in reserve two exalted careers. He can wear with equal authority the boots and coarse jersey of a navvy, or the white cap and blouse of Baptiste.

Neither of these prospects seems, however, imminent. At present he displays a sobriety of purpose which promises much. He is fast forsaking the engaging bypaths of art for that straighter road which leads not anywhere but somewhere, and a recent and particularly happy marriage has added new incentive to effort. He has thus weathered the sentimental shipwrecks



HERMES

(Decoration for Poems by Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning)

of incipient manhood and avoided strewing his affections on the coast of Bohemia. He has escaped the fleeting and fruitless enchantments which fall to the lot of those among his friends who, for reasons sad or perverse, still remain social gypsies.

Detailed discussion of Mr. Haskell's technique, and dismal comparisons between his work and that of his contemporaries, may be left to individuals who make what is pompously called art criticism a bore and a bugaboo. It is sufficient to know that grace and charm were his birthright, and that, if he persist, force and fervor may be added thereto. The task is no trivial

one. The clang of surface-car gong is not the call of wood-nymph, nor is the toot of ferry-boat the sound of an old Triton blowing his wreathed horn. Yet because conditions seem adverse, the reward should prove greater. At bottom, though, there is scant choice between one spot and another, between one age and the preceding. Ugliness is merely thwarted beauty, and beauty simply etherealized ugliness. The dinner coat is not vastly different from the suit of mail. And he who is fated to wear either is blessed by the same sun, hearkens to the call of the same wind, and hears everywhere the same ceaseless throb of eternity.





THE OLD MANSE, CONCORD

A Summer Visit to Concord

By KATHARINE M. ABBOTT



INCE

you are arrived in Concord with summer smiling on the meadows, the river bathing tree trunks, and her elms' branches fringed with green lace, you say, "There is but one Concord in the world," and wonder if beauty of environment is not after all a more compelling power in directing the true and beautiful pen and chisel than Chatterton's garret.

"Genius burns," said Miss Alcott's Jo, and clinging to Hawthorne's "Mosses from an Old Manse," you begin to pursue Concord's elusive many-sided Muse on the battle-ground at the Old North Bridge where the eternal

Minute-Man stands guard, traversing thence the river brink of the loitering, slumberous Musketaquid to the Old South Bridge under the hill Nashawtuk. How softly the Concord and the Assabeth glide together beneath the hemlocks' outstretched arms as they stoop to tell the flags and rushes and cardinal flower the golden thoughts of Channing, Hawthorne, and Thoreau, recounting the table-talk of three congenial souls who mirthfully partook of a savory meal spread out on a moss-grown log in this beautiful wildwood banqueting hall! And as you drift with the gentle current into the deeper solitudes of the Assabeth more and more you feel it a presumption to attempt a word-picture of this spot, after Hawthorne's marvellous interpretation of the river and his

glorification of the "black mud over which the river sleeps" in his aphorism of the noisome yellow and the pure white water-lilies, the ugly and celestial blossoming from the same soil.

Through a cracked window-pane of his study in the Old Manse, the Rev. William Emerson watched the fight at the Old North Bridge where the stream is about the breadth of twenty strokes of a swimmer's arm. At sunrise the good parson, shouldering his musket, had answered Dr. Prescott's alarm,

to the Manse to protect his family (it has been said that he was locked in by his devoted parishioners for fear that he might be injured through patriotic enthusiasm); he saw acting Adjutant Hosmer form the companies, and Major Buttrick lead down to the bridge, the captains intrepidly facing the British on the hither side. "He waited in an agony of suspense the rattle of the musketry. It came; and there needed but a gentle wind to sweep the battle smoke about the quiet house."



HOSMER HOMESTEAD, CONCORD

and under Captain Minot's orders he climbed the Mile-Long Ridge with his townsmen and the men of Acton, of Lincoln, and Carlisle, to the Liberty-pole, and looked down on his beloved Meeting-house, whence the Provincial Congress with John Hancock President had adjourned four days before, and where five weeks previous he had preached to the militia from this text: "And behold God is with us for our Captain." As the British regulars were seen advancing in numbers "more than treble ours," Colonel Barrett ordered the militia to fall back to Ponkawtasset Hill. The "fighting parson" returned

Captain Isaac Davis of Acton was the first to fall. Two of the British invaders lie here peacefully by the stone wall. The musket of one may be seen in the valuable collection from "the Six Miles Square called Concord" at the house of the Antiquarian Society; also the first cutlass taken in the Revolution,—that of Samuel Lee,—and the sword of Colonel James Barrett, Commander. At Colonel Barrett's, two miles distant on Barrett Mills Road, the cannon had been concealed under the ploughed furrows and in Spruce Gutter; a hundred red-coats marched out there to seek them, and these



ORCHARD HOUSE, CONCORD

"enemies" were dutifully fed by Mrs. Barrett. In the general excitement and exodus many odd things occurred. A farmer's wife, getting ready to take her children to the woods, donned her checked apron "of state," for she never did anything of importance without that badge of dignity. Unconsciously she went to her drawer for an apron again and again until when she recovered her wits in a safe hiding-place she found she had on seven checked aprons. History repeated itself at the great Chicago fire, when a lady was seen fleeing with four bonnets on.

If you ride into Concord over Bedford Road by shadowy Sleepy Hollow, the next point in fascination after the river spreading broadly blue in the lowlands is the Mile-Ridge, the watershed of Mill Brook. From nigh the elm, a colonial whipping-post, rude steps pick their way up this abrupt hillside between gray weather-beaten stones, marking the resting-place of Concord's forefathers. This quaintly placed burying-ground of 1668 was always included in the deed of the house at its foot (the

John Adams-Deacon Tolman house) until 1818.

Tucked under the Ridge is the Hill-side Chapel of the Concord School of Philosophy, founded by Amos Bronson Alcott, "whose orbit never, even by chance, intersects the plane of the modern earth," writes Lowell, and by Dr. W. F. Harris, first among American educators, and their disciples. Did transcendental thought simmer through these murmuring pines under which runs the tangled path where Hawthorne delighted to walk, unconsciously following the footsteps of the aborigine and quite oblivious of the primitive stone tool at his feet, which Thoreau could not have passed by, because, as Hawthorne said of his friend's characteristic trait: "Thoreau seldom walks over a ploughed field without picking up an arrow-point or a spear-head, as if the spirits of the red men willed him to be the inheritor of their simple wealth"? Doubtless Hawthorne paced in company with some stern Puritan of the day of the Rev. Peter Bulkeley, the founder of Concord, who left Odell or

"Muddle" on the river Ouse, the country of John Bunyan and Cromwell, only to encounter dissension at Boston, and gladly came hither to abide by the river of peace. Or the lengthening shadows of dusk took shape in the eyes of the dreamer in the form of his Majesty's troops sowing dragons' teeth, which sprang up just here on the Ridge as armed patriots. From "The Wayside" below, the little Alcotts with their packs climbed this "Hill Difficulty," seeking the "City Celestial," and descried a beautiful vision beyond the Great Fields of the town, through which the Sudbury militia ran to cut off the enemy at Merriam's Corner; some of the Minute-men pursued as far as the Bluff, others to Charlestown Ford. Dr. Fiske said to the author that while in England he wrote an account of the Concord fight, but only when he actually saw these rocky ledges between Concord and Lexington did he understand the whys and wherefores of the unique action.

Past the home of Emerson, built on square, sincere, and beautiful lines, runs the road to Walden Pond,—"My Garden," as he called it,—and Emerson writes of swiftly flying hours passed with Thoreau, "of oaken strength in his literary task," and with the other friends, many of whom had sought a home in Concord because it contained Emerson. Emerson said: "Those of us who do not believe in communities believe in neighborhoods, and that the Kingdom of Heaven may consist of such." Among his neighbors were Alcott, Channing, Agassiz, Margaret Fuller, and Mrs. Ripley, who listened over her pea-pods to the men of letters eagerly seeking her sympathy and inspiration; and George Minot, Elizabeth Peabody, George William Curtis, and Elliott Cabot. The farmer Edmund Hosmer was an especial favorite,—a philosopher who donned a frock instead of a professor's gown, solving problems of church and state; so honest withal, said Emerson, "that he always needed to be watched lest he should cheat himself."

When James Russell Lowell was "rusticated" in his senior year at Concord by the Harvard Faculty because he loved his "Beaumont and Fletcher" better than "Locke on the Human Understanding," he was overcome with the honor of being invited by Emerson to walk with him. During the Revolution, Annursuc Hill in Concord lodged Harvard College whilst Washington's army was quartered among the classic shades of Cambridge. Thoreau wrote in 1847 to Emerson, with his peculiar emphasis: "Cambridge College is really beginning to overtake the age. . . . They have been foolish enough to put at the end of all the earnest the old joke of a diploma. Let every sheep keep its own skin, I say."

Many historic houses are standing in Concord, though the beautiful first Meeting-house and the Hubbard house are sadly missed. The Wright Tavern is as of old when Pitcairn vowed his vow. Opposite the Old Manse is the Elisha Jones house with the British bullet hole, now the residence of Judge Keyes; the Major Buttrick house and "Battle Lawn"; the Bull house, home of the Concord Grape, the three Hoar houses, and the Thoreau house, the residence of F. Alcott Pratt; also the home of Frank B. Sanborn, who is closely associated with the halcyon days of literary Concord.

The charitable Library Society, dating back to 1795, became the Concord Social Library, and is now included in the Concord Public Library, the gift of William Munroe. One marks in its interesting art collection a bust of Miss Alcott, by F. Edwin Elwell of Concord, now Curator of Sculpture in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Who would not wish to slide round through a quiet back door of Concord and gain admittance to the kindly atmosphere and the table loaded with wit and wisdom which she sets forth! From this feast how reluctantly the parting guest turns away, quite like her grass-grown river, of which Mr. Alcott says, "It runs slowly because it hates to leave Concord!"

Insanity in Criticism

By JAMES E. ROUTH, Jr.

MR. HAMLIN GARLAND'S article on "Sanity in Fiction," which appeared in a recent number of the *North American Review*, must fill every reflecting reader with conflicting and somewhat indefinable sentiments. Outwardly it is plausible; but one gasps a little at the outstart on reading that "all the fiction of America, and indeed of the world, treats of the morbid, the diseased, rather than the healthy, and has been, for the most part, an exotic." Following this is a eulogy of Mr. Howells which is sane enough for a man bent on lecturing half the world on its insanity; but it is just here that our confidence begins to waver. For the writer, after paying a rational enough tribute to the author of "A Modern Instance" and "A Woman's Reason," proceeds like a dissident clergyman to draw a sharp circle about the elect congregation of the Howellsians; and from this vantage-ground he points out the broad path of perdition, down which the other half of the race must be thoughtlessly treading.

The sin to which this other half is shackled, and from which the elect are supposedly free, is an unreasonable preference for passing over the commonplaces of life and picking out the critical moments. These commonplaces, according to Mr. Garland, should not be passed over, since they constitute the true essence of life, and hence the essence of all that is best in literature. We are essentially commonplace people. "Few of us commit murder or adultery." Very true; many of us do nothing worth writing up in fiction; under which circumstances it seems just a bit of an anomaly to write us up at all. But to return to Mr. Garland's arguments:

"Men are regular at their meals, even when their wives or children die." Some men may be. Consequently, to be true to the general types of life, we are presumably to pass over the tumultuous passions, not

to mention the adventurers, and to contemplate with enthusiasm heroes carving beefsteaks or heroines buying bonnets or ribbons. Mr. Garland says:

Whitman once complained to me that the local novel (which I was advocating) was too sensational, too bizarre. The cowboy novel was to him a sort of delirium-tremens novel, because it flowed with liquor and was hazy with the smoke of gunpowder. He asked for a literature of the decent and decorous men of the West.

But is n't there as much that flows with liquor and is hazy with smoke, as there is that is decent and decorous—and tiresome. And even if there be not, does it make the liquor and smoke any less typical and above all any less interesting, in their own ways. The writer, speaking of Mr. Howells's characters, proceeds: "They are very like people we have known, and the problems they face are as real as those which confront us. As some one has said: 'You can go and ring the door-bell where they live.'" It is a trait superb in Mr. Howells, who, whatever he is, is always rare and new. Apply such a criterion, however, as Mr. Garland does, to literature in general, and the results are, to use his own expression, bizarre,—much more bizarre in fact than anything produced by the novelists whom he is lecturing. It is simply the apotheosis of commonplace. Fancy ringing the door-bell of the Princess of Egypt, or sitting down for a sociable chat with the Fair God. It is quite evident, therefore, that such characters are but outcasts from the true domain of literature, which should confine itself to homely felicities, tea-table conversation, and ringable door-bells. The sins of such characters, according to Mr. Garland, lie in an untruthfulness to facts,—which sounds plausible.

And yet the facts remain. The Princess of Egypt did live; Nero did fiddle in Rome; and mediæval French-

men did make love. All typical men are not commonplace. Moreover, if we come down to the present, the inference to be drawn from Mr. Garland's words, that our lives are tame, is apt to produce curious complications. Get hold of an Irish laborer, after he has been blown forty feet out of the new subway, and ask him if his life has all been "tranquil" and "domestic." To laud Mr. Howells is rational, but to take as the most typical of all American literatures one in which "critics may vainly search for a single murder, conflagration, abduction, divorce, or pistol-shot" is a somewhat radical step.

Throughout the country there are some thousands of men who have discovered for themselves along the Potomac, in Cuba, or in the Philippines that gunpowder and slaughter are not the strange and unusual things of Mr. Garland's imagination, but very real factors in life. In our own South there are many women who have known what it is to watch the shells fly overhead or hear the musketry rattle from the siege lines. And the lives of these men and women are more thrilling than any of the novels which have roused Mr. Garland's reprobation. As a rule we are moral; but there are said to be eighty thousand fallen women in London, each doubtless with a tragedy behind her. And yet Mr. Garland tells us that the aggregate life of a community is commonplace. Would that we could believe our novelists of lust and war mistaken;—they are bitterly true to life. If to these tragic facts we add the more cheerful adventures of the multitude of young men who are seeking out the far quarters of the globe in the service of commerce, the state, or science, besides those men and women who meet real adventures at home, the outlook for the war on commonplace grows ever more hopeful. Our lives are not wholly commonplace, unless we wit-

tingly allow them to become so; in which case no one cares to read about us.

And yet Mr. Garland goes on to refer to "the tranquil, the sunny, the domestic, which are, after all, still the distinctive features of our society." Our lives are sunny, and in large part domestic. Nature seems to have put us up by a recipe which calls for several cupfuls of tranquillity to a very few teaspoonfuls of real excitement. Nevertheless, the few teaspoonfuls are there and are, in the last analysis, the true spice and meaning of life. It was a critic greater than Mr. Garland who put the fact into somewhat trite but ethically correct lines:

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

Many men have the spice left out of their composition, and for that reason we do not wish to read about them, any more than we wish to eat plum cake without plums simply because flour alone is more domestic and euphetically tranquil. The average man is not interesting until the genius of Mr. Howells transforms him into a rare being. And yet we are informed that the average man, in his average life, is the only true subject of fiction, and are, furthermore, politely told that a divergence from this opinion is insanity.

Perhaps, however, this is not just what Mr. Garland meant to say. It is likely that he had in mind the great mass of mediocre, bizarre, and monstrous novels of the day. If such be the case, it was hardly worth while to denounce them. If, however, it was these he had in mind, rather than the greater of our "outré," "morbid," or "exotic" writers, it is a pity that he did not say so.





Gustave Flaubert*

By FRANK THOMAS MARZIALS

IN 1876 George Sand, having long sown Heaven knows what wild oats, had become a good, kind, motherly old woman of genius; and among those who poured their sorrows into her large heart was Gustave Flaubert. Writing to her on a certain Sunday evening in that year, he said: "After finishing my short story, I shall start another; for I am too much shaken to set myself to any great work."

Too much shaken! Flaubert came into the world at Rouen on the 12th of December, 1821, and had, therefore, in 1876, attained to the age of fifty-five, and few men probably have ever lived that number of years without receiving some pretty shrewd knocks at the hands of Fate. But apart from his general liability to the blows that afflict mankind, it can scarcely be said that he had been mauled out of measure. It is true he suffered at a comparatively early age, and almost through life, from some sort of epileptic seizure. And it is also true that the government of Napoleon III.—itself such a model of purity!—had prosecuted him as a writer of more than questionable morals, on the publication of his first book, "Madame Bovary." Again, notwithstanding an immense contempt for politics, he had felt, through his inmost being, the sufferings and disasters of France in the "Terrible Year." Later,—shortly, indeed, before the date at which he wrote, as quoted above, to George Sand,—he had greatly compromised his private fortune, nearly ruined himself in trying to help the hus-

band of his niece. And, if we wish to complete the tale of his misfortunes, it may be added that his literary work was produced with immense labor and sweat of brain.

But, after all, this is not such a terrible list. And how much there is to set on the other side! Nay, of the troubles enumerated, two at least were as clouds with the lining of silver. Had it not been for the epileptic fits, he would scarcely have induced his medical father, who had a fine contempt for letters, to allow him to devote his life to the writing of fiction. The government prosecution—though, to his credit be it spoken, the thought conveyed no comfort—yet proved the most excellent of advertisements. Even the crippling of his means, though undeniably a heavy blow, yet was not sufficient to alter the settled habits of his life and drive him from the home he loved. To the end he occupied the great bare room, overlooking the Seine, where he had been wont to battle, hour after hour, against every rebellious part of speech, and when elated by victory, to roar out his sonorous periods to the echoing walls. And if at times his toil seemed almost unendurable, most certainly it also brought pleasure.

No, taking a general view, and except in one particular to which I shall presently revert, it cannot be said that the Fates had dealt unkindly with this individual mortal. He possessed, almost to the last, means amply proportioned to his wants. He had leisure, undeterred by family or social claims, to devote himself to the one absorbing passion of his life, the art of prose com-

* From "Little French Masterpieces." Edited by Alexander Jessup. Courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

position. There was neither need nor temptation to pander, in the slightest or most excusable degree, to the public taste. He could altogether afford to disregard popularity. And yet, from the very first, fame was his. "Madame Bovary" (1857) had no sooner appeared than it "numbered good intellects," and his prosecution brought him, as it were, upon the European stage. His name was on every tongue.

"Salammbô" (1862) might be voted a work of labor and oppressive, but no one could deny its immense power and erudition. Sainte-Beuve, the almost unquestioned king among the French critics of the day, devoted to these books, as they came out, two of his masterly articles, the *causerie* dealing with "Salammbô" being specially full and elaborate. If "Sentimental Education" (1869) and "The Temptation of St. Anthony" (1876) did not add to his popularity, they in no wise impaired his credit as a writer. Among his friends were George Sand, Sainte-Beuve, Renan, Turgenev, Dumas fils, Zola, Daudet, the Goncourts, and latterly his almost disciple, Maupassant. The younger "naturalist" generation, then in its heyday, looked up to him as its master. His physical infirmity never seems to have prevented him from enjoying the pleasures of life to the full. He mingled freely in such society as he cared to cultivate. He travelled in the East; went, as a preparation for the composition of "Salammbô," over the ground where Carthage had once stood. Altogether, he lived, like him of Cawdor, "a prosperous gentleman."

What then were the fatal gifts which the wicked fairy not invited to the christening had foisted upon Flaubert? What drop had she poured into his cup of life to make it bitter? Misanthropy, or perhaps not so much pure hatred of mankind as a terrible love for studying the seamy side of human nature. Stupidity, dullness, had for him an immense attraction. He never wearied in the contemplation of the unimportant. He gloated over things base. His repulsion took the morbid form of lingering over its object, turning it

over, examining it on this side and on that, regarding it with a fascination hideous and exclusive. To see nothing but evil and folly in the world is a depressing outlook. In the hands of a master of prose, such curiosity may produce masterpieces,—it can scarce conduce to personal happiness. It must become oppressive. When he wrote, as quoted above, to George Sand, he had been for some time at work upon the dreariest and most pessimistic of his works, "Bouvard and Pécuchet," and ransacked for the purpose all the archives of imbecility. The book was Flaubert's "revenge." "Of what," asks Maxime Ducamp, "had Flaubert to avenge himself?" "Personally of nothing," answers Mr. J. C. Tarver, Flaubert's biographer, "but in the name of knowledge and earnestness, of the levity and ignorance which take the chief places in the synogue."

And now in weariness he turned from his great task, ceased to hew at this monument in honor of ineptitude. He felt, for a time at least, that he was capable only of grappling with short stories, and stories of a kind less withered.

The inspiration was a happy one. As Mr. Tarver rightly says:

It is much to be regretted that Flaubert did not discover the short prose story earlier in life; for it is the form best suited to his peculiar powers. It represses automatically his worst fault, his tendency to be drawn away from his main subject by side issues, and to overload his plot with details interesting and amusing in themselves, but not necessary to the development of the subject, or illustrative of it by contrast; it demands accuracy and refinement of workmanship, exactly suiting the cadenced prose of which Flaubert was enamoured; while its special weakness, its tendency to encourage the appeal to emotions rather than to the intellect, was the one literary pitfall into which Flaubert was physically incapable of straying.

This is no exaggeration. Three, at least, of his short stories rank with the finest of his work. They are indeed, as Mr. George Saintsbury says, and Zola and other critics have not failed to remark, "examples, and very perfect examples, of all the styles which have

made him famous. 'A Simple Heart' displays exactly the same qualities of minute and exact observation, the same unlimited fidelity of draughtsmanship which distinguish 'Madame Bovary' and 'Sentimental Education.' 'The Legend of St. Julian the Hospitaller' shows the same power over the mystical and the vague which is shown in 'The Temptation of St. Anthony.' 'Herodias' has the gorgeousness, the barbaric colors, and the horror of 'Salammbô.'

Condensation of what is already so quintessential can hardly be considered necessary. Yet the reader may care to have Flaubert's own analysis of "A Simple Heart," as given in one of his letters:

"A Simple Heart" is just the story of an obscure life—the life of a poor country girl, devout but mystical, devoted but without enthusiasm, and soft-hearted as the crumb of bread. She loves successively a man, the children of her mistress, a nephew, an old man whom she looks after, and then a parrot. When the parrot dies she has it stuffed, and when she is herself dying she confounds in her brain the parrot with the Holy Spirit. All this is by no means ironical, as you are probably thinking, but, on the contrary, very serious and very sad. I wish to excite pity, to move feeling hearts to tears—being a person of feeling myself. Alas, yes! The other Saturday, at George Sand's funeral, I burst into a fit of sobbing when I kissed the little Aurore, and afterwards when I saw the coffin of my old friend.

Dickens or Daudet would have told the tale otherwise, and no doubt have moved to readier tears. Pathos was not Flaubert's forte. The interest of his work lies rather in the combination of power and sobriety, the grip he has of that poor good creature's character and rudimentary intellect, the way in which he reflects the glowworm light of her piety, the capacity he has for placing us in her atmosphere and surroundings.

With "The Legend of St. Julian the Hospitaller" we move into an altogether changed world. The tale was suggested by a "storied window richly dight" in the Cathedral of Rouen. It is the amplified legend of one of those hunter-saints whose conversion and

good deeds edified the Middle Ages. The legend's counterpart may be found in Dürer's fine print of St. Eustachius kneeling in adoration before a mighty stag with a crucifix between its antlers, while a horse and very individual dogs wait patiently for what may follow. And with Flaubert we are back in that old world. Maxime Ducamp, his friend, seems rather to suggest that he wasted energy in "getting up" unduly the woodcraft of the time. But every man must work according to his own lights. Though Flaubert's erudition was great, it did not crush him. Rather by his enormous labor did he steep himself in the spirit of his material, maintaining his own individuality throughout. *That* he never alienated, while able always to reproduce and revivify. The intuition and genius that undoubtedly were his had their root in knowledge. And so in this "Legend," with its mighty huntings and carnage of beasts, its credulities and penances, we seem to be walking once more in the old mediæval twilight, a twilight not dark at all, but streaming, gules, and or, and azure, through the glory of a cathedral window.

This evocation of the past, this revivification of what is dead, are perhaps even more striking in the "Herodias." Herod Antipas, Herodias herself, her daughter Salome the dancer, Vitellius, the governor of Syria, his son Aulus the loathsome belly-god, and the prophet Iakobanann—these are the protagonists. Around them throng the Roman and the Jew. The scene is the rock fortress of Machærus, overlooking the Dead Sea, the deserts and hills of Judea, the palms of Jericho, the Jordan flowing through a plain burnt to ashes, arid, as white as snow. The lake is like lapis lazuli; the sky one great blue glare; all the landscape palpitates with fierce heat. The human passions, greed, cruelty, revenge, lust, fanaticism,—they, too, are at fever heat, molten. In the midst of that bestial crew the voice of the Baptist breaks grave and terrible as the clarion of judgment. Then the girl dances her strange dance, a dance to the

Western eye rather grotesque than beautiful or even voluptuous—I speak almost as if the scene were before me, so vividly is it presented, all the more vividly, perhaps, from a certain brooding and suffocating want of space and atmosphere;—but the Oriental eye sees the dancing differently. She wins her odious guerdon. There is the leonine head, hacked and ghastly and dripping blood, upon the charger. At dawn two of the prophet's disciples, the two whom he had despatched to ask if Jesus were the very Christ, and one of the Essenes, take the terrible object from among the relics of the orgy, and bear it towards Galilee. "As it was very heavy, they carried it each in turn [*alternativement*]."

Alternativement—thereby hangs a tale. The expression, as M. Paul Bourget tells us, pleased Flaubert hugely.

He was very proud of finishing his story of "Herodias" with the adverb *alternativement*, "alternately." This word, whose two accents on *ter* and *ti* give it a loose swing, seemed to him to render concrete and almost perceptible the march of the two slaves who in turn carried the head of St. John the Baptist.

This is ingenious. Is it not also a little fanciful? (There were, it would seem, *three* instead of *two* bearers; and what authority has M. Bourget to speak of them as *slaves*?) And I ask the question because, with all my admiration for Flaubert as a "stylist" it appears to me that, in his admirable zeal for perfection, he sometimes suffered himself to be lured away into the fantastic and "precious." "There was always a good deal of personal caprice in his purism," says Zola. Nor did he always succeed in avoiding both Scylla and Charybdis. Thus, as Zola says again, while laboring to keep clear of relative pronouns, he fell an easy prey to the conjunction *and*. Again, he would give himself an infinity of trouble not to use the same word twice, even when the intervening space was such that the repetition could be no offence to ear or eye. Neither was his mode of composition quite compatible with the light grace, "the first fine careless

rapture," of those few writers who write perfectly as a bird sings. It was scarcely possible that prose so sternly handled should retain the bloom of spontaneity.

And as I am making here a small collection of carpings and objections, truth compels me to say that he now and again, though very rarely I admit, offered sacrifices too costly to the Moloch of his sonorous sentences. Thus it will strike most readers as a flaw in "A Simple Heart" that poor Félicité should reason herself into the belief that the Holy Spirit must have chosen the shape of a parrot rather than a dove when descending on the head of Christ, because a parrot can speak, while a dove is dumb. The passage, as Zola tells us, did not fail to offend Flaubert's friends when the story was first read to them; and they exhorted him to expunge it. Flaubert confessed himself shaken. He could not deny that the objection was well founded, and the train of reasoning attributed to the poor countrywoman over-subtle. So—Maupassant completes the story—he spent the night in trying to rewrite the passage, and finally left it unaltered, "not having been able to construct another sentence sufficiently harmonious to satisfy his ear." Here we have truth of psychology, a piece of artistic verisimilitude, sacrificed. "So much the worse for the sense: rhythm before everything," cried Flaubert, apropos of another contested passage.

But, after all, this is small carping, and comes to no more than the poor truism that there is no writer in whom, if looked at from every angle, it is absolutely impossible to find some flaw. Flaubert's art, like that of even greater men, has its limitations. What then? It is great art notwithstanding. And in these stories he by no means gathered in the gleanings, the worst of his harvest. I go back here to the point accentuated by Mr. Saintsbury. Though Flaubert turned to the stories in a moment of discouragement, as a relaxation from heavier labors, from the dreariness and aridity of "Bouvard and Pécuchet," it was not because he

meant to work at them less earnestly. Relaxation of *that* kind lay outside his nature. Working at all, he must work at his best. As in "Madame Bovary" he had restrained his lyric passion, held it firmly in leash for all its struggles, and striven by patient verisimilitude and perfection of language to give permanent art value to the common and the base, so here he wrought again, and with perhaps an added charm of kindliness, at the story of "A Simple Heart." As in "Salammbô," he had, evoking from oblivion an unfamiliar past, given to his prose its full music, and charged his verbal palette with colors gor-

geous and barbaric; so here, again, using harmony and pigments no less wonderful, he repeated the old triumphs in "The Legend of St. Julian the Hospitaller" and "Herodias." These three stories have in them that which is in man's work not common, an originality striking, genuine, and yet excellent.

They form the last book Flaubert lived to publish. On the 8th of May, 1880, apoplexy clubbed him down. He lies buried near the beautiful old city of his birth, not far from that room by the Seine where, like another Jacob, he had wrestled with his art until it blessed him.

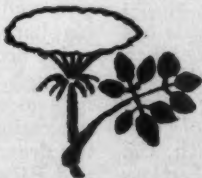
Was Thoreau a Lover of Nature?

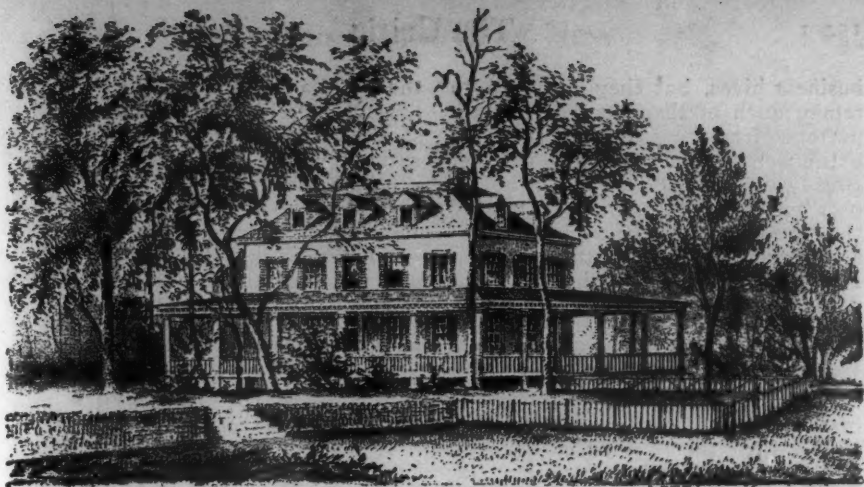
By JENNETTE BARBOUR PERRY

OF those who possess the landscape, Thoreau, one would say, should be named first. Yet I find not an acre allotted to him—not even a pond or a brook.

Absolute devotion to nature and her secrets is not, in itself, a guarantee of possession. I question whether Thoreau really cared for nature. He cared for chipmunks, and pine needles, and the honk of geese, and alder bushes. But for Nature, who holds the chipmunks and pine needles and alders in her lap, he seems to have cared little—as little as for human beings, those cumberers of the ground. He presents the spectacle of the most extraordinary student of nature civilization has known, going through life indifferent to the charm of nature. He walked the woods an aggregation of sight, hearing, taste, touch, and smell—blind in his spirit, deaf to the harmony about him.

The only thing in the landscape that has ever reminded me of Thoreau, I perceive, as I review my experience with nature, has been the row of telegraph poles down the meadow road. I never come upon their gruff humming without a thought of the music he extracted from it. Gaunt, starved Thoreau—resigning the woman he loved; turning grimly to nature for solace, even the love of nature denied him! Perhaps one who does not first love human nature is incapable of loving nature herself. It is undoubtedly a more difficult love, more universal and abstract. It represents, perhaps, a higher plane of development. In the love for one's fellow men there is inevitably a certain selfish quality, a personal note, the possibility of return. In the love of nature, one passes into a large world. There the impersonal awaits him.





"COUNTRY PLACES BEYOND THE TOWN"

Literary Landmarks of New York

By CHARLES HEMSTREET

ELEVENTH PAPER

LOOKING backward to the days before the Civil War is to bring into review a host of men who then walked through the city in which time has wrought so many changes, and to bring to the mind's eye familiar streets, but so altered that they seem like unknown highways.

There was the Battery, with its old-time appearance, when the green grass of summer was not cast into deep and continual shade by an overhanging device of modern travel, and when its broad walk was a promenade, the like and popularity of which was not to be found elsewhere. There stood squat Castle Garden, half in the water and half on the land, of nondescript style of architecture suggesting a means of defence against an invading force and giving cause for wonder as to how it ever came by the flowery half of its name.

Wandering swiftly through the lower end of the town, memory recalls old houses whose begrimed fronts bore the markings of a good hundred years. There, by the Bowling Green, was where Washington and Putnam had

their headquarters. Farther uptown a hotel arose where Franconi's Hippodrome had been. Still farther along was Murray Hill, where there was just enough elevation of land to account in a measure for its name. Still farther on were country places beyond the town—beyond the town then, but now come to be the very heart's core of the metropolis.

But of all the points of interest none comes fresher to the mind than Broadway. And though they have all changed, some swept away, some freshened up, others reconstructed into modern ways and made to keep pace with the progress of the passing days, no change or series of changes have brought about such complete renewal, if the reminiscent eye of the mind is to be believed, as has come to Broadway. Blotting out for the moment the city's chief canyon of travel as it is to-day, with its broodingnagian structures, and its sights and sounds of business and pleasure and enterprise, let the highway of old take its place. As far back as fifty years ago residences were gradually metamorphosed into

business hives, but they managed to retain much of their conservative appearance for a long time; as though a battle were being waged as to whether Broadway should be a place of homes or a business thoroughfare. Trees by the curb line waved their branches in angry protest against commercial encroachments and in opposition to great glaring signs that blurted out business announcements in a bold-faced manner, that argued they had come to stay. While the Broadway of to-day gives the impression of narrowness because of the height of the sky-scrapers that border it, it then looked exceedingly wide. It was never a quiet street, for a continual procession of omnibuses and other vehicles on business and pleasure bent streamed along it. Among the popular resorts at which they often stopped was Charles Pfaff's, where beer was sold. There of an evening met the literary Bohemians of the city, in the days when Bohemia really existed and before the world had well-nigh lost significance and respect. They were gifted men, with great power of intellect, who spoke without fear and without favor and whose every word expressed a thought. They were real men and they made

the world a real place, a place without affectation, without pretence, without show, without need of applause, and without undue cringing to mere conventional forms. These were the characteristics of the Bohemians, and Bohemia was wherever two or three of them were gathered together. Bohemia was the atmosphere they carried with them, and whether upon the streets or in Pfaff's cellar they were at home. Pfaff's happening to be a convenient gathering-place, and beer happening to be the popular brew with most of them, they gathered there.

It is a tradition that the place came into favor through the personal efforts of the energetic Henry Clapp. He was attracted to it, so the tradition runs, soon after he started the *Saturday Press* in 1858, that lively publication, so brilliant while it lasted, so soon to die, and at its death having pasted on its outer door an announcement which read: "This paper is discontinued for want of funds, which by a coincidence is precisely the reason for which it was started." Whether it is true or not that Clapp was the first to call attention to the resort that came to be the meeting-place of the Bohemians, matters little. It grew to be



MURRAY HILL IN 1860



THE BATTERY IN 1860

such a meeting-place, and it is quite true that the members of the staff of the *Saturday Press* did more than any one else to give it a name that has lived through the years.

It is hard to locate Pfaff's place now. Go to look for it on the east side of Broadway, above Bleecker Street three or four doors, and you will be disappointed, for there is nothing to locate—just a conventional business house. Take an idle hour and picture it in memory; that will be better. Thinking of it now it is quite natural to contrast it with modern eating and drinking houses, famous for their mirror-lined walls, richly carved appointments, carpeted floors, and flashing electric lights. Pfaff's was a hole beneath the surface of the street, ill-lighted, ill-ventilated, ill-kept. But it is far better to read George Arnold's poem embodying the spirit of the cellar, and recording how the company was "very merry at Pfaff's." This poet was one of the merry company in the days when he wrote regularly for the columns of *Vanity Fair*. He has himself said that some of the poems were written in the late hours after an evening spent in the underground Broadway resort with Fitz Hugh Lud-

low, with Mortimer Thomson, the famous "Q. K. Philander Doesticks," and a score of like writers. It was Arnold, too, who caused an hour of sadness when he took there the story of the death of Henry W. Herbert, who was well known to all the habitués. They all knew his life's story; they had heard him tell of his father, the Dean of Manchester and cousin to the Earl of Carnarvon; they had heard him tell how he had come to New York from London, how he had taught in the school in Beaver Street near Whitehall, and how in that little school he had partly written his historical romance "Cromwell," and how he had mapped out some of the others that followed it. They knew, too, how he had, under the name of "Frank Forester," produced such books as "American Game in its Season," "The Horse and Horsemanship in North America," and become famous by novel-writing. He was the first to introduce sports of the field into fiction in America. Some of his comrades knew the unhappiness that had crept into his life, but even his dearest friends were not prepared for the news which Arnold brought one day, that "Frank Forester" had died by his own hand in a room on



INTERIOR OF CASTLE GARDEN

the second floor of the Stevens House, there in Broadway by the Bowling Green, not more than the throw of a stone from the place where, in his early days in New York, he had taught school.

Another friend of George Arnold's, who sometimes spent hours with him at Pfaff's, was George Farrar Browne, but few will remember him by this name, while many will recall that which he made famous, Artemus Ward. He had passed his apprenticeship as a printer and reporter, had made the country ring with the name of the lively but illiterate showman, and was in New York trying to carry *Vanity Fair* to success—a task which he could not accomplish.

Another of the Pfaff company was Thomas Bailey Aldrich. This was at a time when he had editorial charge of the *Saturday Press* after he had come from Portsmouth and served three years at his desk in the commission house of his rich uncle. Working over the books of the firm, his mind was often busy with themes outside of the commission house, all tending towards a literary career.

Another lounge at Pfaff's whose name has become famous in the world

of letters, was William Winter who was sometimes a visitor. Howells went there on his first visit to New York and dined with Walt Whitman, and there were others—Bayard Taylor and Stedman among them.

It was only a few minutes' walk from Pfaff's to Washington Square, and there could be found the substantial appearing University building where Theodore Winthrop had his office and where he wrote "Cecil Dreeme" and "John Brent." From that gloomy building he was called to the war, and

to his home there friends brought the details of his death—shot through the heart while rallying his men in an attack which he had helped to plan at the action of Big Bethel in June, 1861. At the time of his death he was scarcely known as a writer, and it was not until the publication of "Cecil Dreeme" that the world realized that it had lost an entertaining story-teller as well as a brave soldier when Winthrop fell.

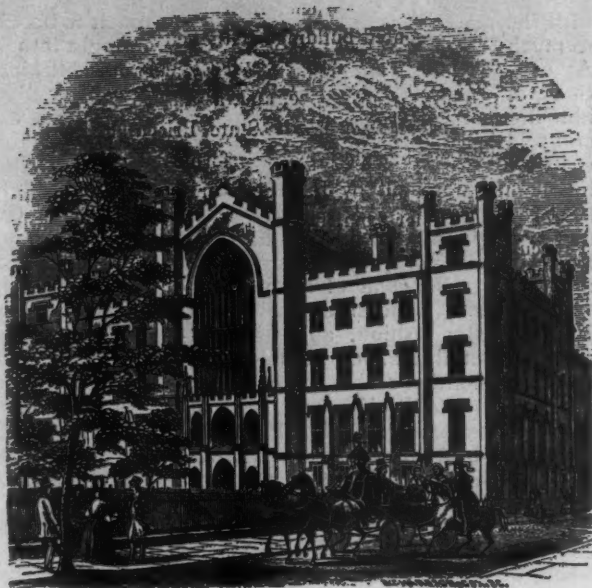
Among others who served in the Seventh Regiment of New York, of which Theodore Winthrop was a member, was Fitz-James O'Brien, the erratic and brilliant journalist, whose tale of "The Diamond Lens" was his best contribution to the literature of the day. The only literary man of the Seventh to return to New York was O'Brien's friend, Charles Graham Halpine, who resigned, and lived to make his name famous by his humorous sketches of army life supposed to have been penned by "Private Miles O'Reilly."

The name of Winthrop naturally suggests the name of Dr. John W. Draper, who was associated with the University of New York for more than thirty years. His technical writings

made his name known over the world, and he spent many years of his life in the dingy old University building working on a "History of Intellectual Development in Europe."

Fitz-James O'Brien has told of how he was once sent by a newspaper to see Henry T. Tuckerman, in a big brown building in Tenth Street. This studio building, just east of Sixth Avenue, is there yet, and the room on the second floor where O'Brien had his talk with the scholarly essayist and critic may be seen. At that time Tuckerman was writing "The Criterion; or, The Test of Talk about Familiar Things." In this large room overlooking the street it was his custom on Sunday evenings to entertain his literary friends.

Another home where there were Sunday evening gatherings for many years was that of Alice and Phœbe Cary. This house, one of the few residences remaining in the neighborhood otherwise given up to business structures to-day, is numbered 53 on East Twentieth Street. Here the Carys lived when they made their home in this city, coming from their Ohio birthplace to a wider field of activity. You can walk now into the little parlor where the gatherings were held. You can go into the room above where Phœbe worked—when she found time; for in the joint housekeeping of the sisters Phœbe often said that she had to be the housekeeper before she could be the poet. In that room she wrote, after coming from church one Sunday, the hymn which has made her name famous and well-beloved, "Nearer My Home." There on the same floor was the favorite work corner of Alice, and sitting close by



THE UNIVERSITY AND WASHINGTON SQUARE

the window, where she could look out into the street, she wrote many of her poems of memory and of domestic affection. In this room, too, she died.

To recite the names of those Sunday evening callers would be to recall all the writers in the city at that time, and to mention all those prominent in the world of letters who came from out of town. James Parton was often one of the company, in the days when he was arranging the material for his "Life of Horace Greeley," material gathered from those who had known the great editor during his early days in New Hampshire and Vermont. Greeley himself dropped in occasionally, and also another member of the *Tribune* staff, Richard Hildreth, the writer from Massachusetts, who had been associate editor of the Boston *Atlas* and who in after years was United States Consul at Trieste.

Herman Melville was invited to the Twentieth Street house at the time when he was at work on his "Battle Pieces," and could look back on years of adventure by land and by sea, and on the hardships that had supplied him

with the material from which to write so much that was odd and interesting. At one of these Sunday-night receptions, at which Alice Cary introduced him first, Melville told the company, and told it far better than he had ever written anything (at least so one of his hearers has recorded), the story of that life of trial and adventure. He began at the beginning, telling of his boyhood in New York, of his shipping as a common sailor, and of his youthful wanderings in London and Liverpool. In true sailor fashion, and with picturesque detail, he spun the tale of his eighteen months' cruise to the sperm fisheries in the Pacific, and held his hearers' close attention while he related the coarse brutality of his captain, who had forced him to desert at the Marquesas Islands. Then he traced his wanderings with his one companion through the trackless forest on the island of Nukahiva and of his capture by the Typee cannibals. He related how there was little hope in his heart that he could ever escape, but that he still held tight to life and his courage did not desert him; how with the thought of death before him by night and by day he yet hourly studied the strange life about him and garnered those facts and fancies which he afterwards used to such advantage in his successful "Typee." It was a thrilling tale to listen to, in strange contrast to his hum-drum later life when he was an employee of the New York Custom House. When you go to see the home of the Cary sisters walk on a few blocks to East 26th Street, and there see the house numbered 104. On this site stood Melville's house, where he lived for many years and where, when he had come to be an old man, he died.

Mary L. Booth was another visitor to the home of the Cary sisters, and with them she talked over a great many details of her "History of the City of New York," which she was at that time energetically engaged upon. And there this future editor of *Harper's Bazar* met Martha J. Lamb when Mrs. Lamb came to the city from Chicago. A talk between the two had

much to do with directing Mrs. Lamb's thought into historical lines, and led to her publishing, some seventeen years later, her "History of New York," and to her assuming, in 1883, the editorship of the *Magazine of American History*. Mary L. Booth used to tell very amusingly how she had once met Samuel G. Goodrich, then famous as "Peter Parley," at the little house in Twentieth Street, and how disappointed she had been in listening to his talk and not finding it as impressive as it should have been as coming from the author and editor of more than one hundred and fifty volumes. This incident occurred within a year or two of "Peter Parley's" death.

That popular writer of juvenile tales, Alice Haven, was also a visitor of the Cary sisters. Her early life had been spent in Philadelphia, where she had been married to J. C. Neal, but after his death she had removed to New York and made her home there. She was very much interested in the work of St. Luke's Hospital, which was not a great distance away, and often came to talk with Phoebe Cary about that institution. Miss Cary herself was interested in it because of her regard for its founder, Dr. William Augustus Muhlenberg, who had written a hymn that was a great favorite of hers, "I Would Not Live Away." Dr. Muhlenberg was the rector of the Church of the Holy Communion, and in 1846 on St. Luke's Day after his sermon he suggested to his congregation that of the collection that was about to be taken half should be put aside as the commencement of a fund which should be used to found an institution for the care of the sick poor. The fund started that day with thirty dollars, and that was the beginning of St. Luke's Hospital. It was not a great while before the actual hospital work was begun in a building at 330 Sixth Avenue, near Twentieth Street, and there had a home until the completion of that at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fourth Street, where it remained until those quarters were outgrown, and in 1896 it removed to the new buildings on Cathedral Heights.



The Heart of the Oak*

By JÉRÔME DOUCET

Illustrated by Alfred Garth Jones

IT was a very old and very dense forest of oak; men had inhabited it since the beginning of the world—strong, silent men, calm and courageous. They clothed themselves in the skins of wild beasts which they killed, lived upon plants and roots, and kept their huts hospitably open; for in the midst of the forest a stray traveller would sometimes pass. These strangers, who seemed almost another race, trembled at the aspect of these rough men, clad in hair, but soon were put at their ease by the kindly welcome extended them, and shared their bowl of milk, shining brown nuts, and meats grilled over

the clear bright flames of the burning dead-wood.

Once, one of these travellers, pitifully poor and infirm, with a low forehead, an arched nose, and a wandering eye, stopped for three days in the centre of the forest.

He told the men that in a town not far away, at the entrance of the great wood, a Seigneur, with great power and riches, would give them warm cloth, embroidered materials, and glittering necklaces in exchange for the forest trees. He asked them to cut down the old and useless oaks and saw them into flat boards. He would return with pearl necklaces, changeable silks, and bottles of strong waters, and with hatchets and



*From "Tales of the Spinner," By Jérôme Doucet. Translated by T. O. Guen. Illustrated by Alfred Garth Jones. Copyright, 1902, by R. H. Russell.



long saws. So the men commenced to chop down the largest of the oaks—the great oak that had spread its sheltering branches over their huts for a thousand years.

Finally it fell with a great crash, shaking the earth round about. The man then showed them how to construct wooden saw-horses and how to place the huge tree-trunks on them, and with a great saw cut the boards in regular lengths of even thickness.

Then with long, powerful strokes, these strong men swung together at the great saws, bending and straightening their backs in unison, while they made the saws' long rows of sharp teeth cut their way through the wood, while a path of fragrant golden sawdust 'spread itself along the ground. The hard oak

boards were now ready to be sold by the rich and powerful Seigneur whose domain adjoined the edge of the forest. When the saw had cut through the thirtieth ring of the great oak, it reached the centre of the tree and half the work was accomplished.

But the strangest of things now happened. Here, in the middle of its work, the great saw suddenly began to grind, grating at every stroke, and soon stuck fast, refusing to go on. The man examined it and said, "It is nothing but a circular knot that is often found in such old oaks."

So he gave them a new and larger saw, putting a man at each end; but again the saw refused to cut, then, as they drew it back and forth, grew hot and broke in two and could not be removed from the wood. The





man now grew angry; he could not imagine what sort of tree this was, so with a wedge driven in with great blows from a heavy sledge, he finally split the tree in two and, just where the saw broke, a knot was found—a strange knot encased in the centre of the oak—a knot of wood as hard as rock, in the shape of a heart—a heart bearing on both the round surfaces deep scars where the keen points of the sharp-edged saw had left their trace, but had been unable to cut through the unyielding substance. Beneath its appearance of fragile wood the heart was as hard as steel.



The incident, however, was soon forgotten, and another oak was felled, and slowly bent its way to the earth, already strewn with branches and leaves, and soon more long planks were finished and laid, one on top of the other in monotonous regularity, and the covet-

ous eyes were already counting what they could accomplish the next day to exchange for the pearls and richly embroidered silks, and also the strong water with its enticing flavor. At night when they placed their brass cauldrons over the flaming wood to cook their meat, the man, who was

still staring angrily at the stupid tree that had broken his two valuable saws, threw the hard knot in the flames—the heart of the oak—and in the flames, where everything melts or is consumed and devoured, the heart of the great tree could no longer resist. It flamed up

brightly at first, and dark streams of cherry red surged out of the deep cuts. Slowly but surely the flames devoured it until it was consumed even to the last fragment, and lay in the ashes,—ashes which in their turn were scattered and blown about



and stamped into the earth.

A calm, an immense calm, settled over the forest, and the silent night spread its dark mantle over the sombre stillness of the great trees and all the living things of the wood, animate and inanimate. In the clear, cool sky, twinkling with myriads of stars, shining steadily upon the sleeping earth, the moon rose, slowly and peacefully—the pale, wan moon, its brightness inundating the whole forest with light so white, so bright, so livid, that the leaves and branches of the trees themselves were bathed in silvery light, white as the round moon, and, like her, cold and glassy and deathlike. Then the evening breeze began to blow—softly at first, bearing on its wings the fragrant odors of the green woods and a soft



pearly mist which spread over the earth. The breeze strengthened, and its voice murmured a lullaby through the branches, then, becoming louder and more strident, it whistled through the forest, gaining in strength and force until the tree-tops moaned beneath its rough strength, and bent low under the fury of its blast, their great white trunks writhing and twisting in agony. The dead

trees of the forest that had been burned to ashes were scattered far and wide; then tree after tree crashed to the ground, destroyed by the relentless wind, as the heart of the forest had been destroyed by the cupidity and ingratitude of the men who were to become dust and ashes in their turn and lie beneath the ashes and dust of the ancient forest.





Browning and the Animal Kingdom

By ELISABETH LUTHER CARY

FRANCES DUNCAN has recently discovered in Browning a lover of trees, intimate with them, closely observant of their ways, and sympathetic with arbooreal moods. Although she cannot admit him to the serried ranks of "Nature-writers," she finds him leaning cordially "from his Human," as his wife would have put it, to appreciate the interest and charm of oak and elm and pine and alder. This is not in any degree surprising when we reflect that he spent his boyhood in suburban Camberwell, and took the long walks during which most of his earlier poetry was composed in the lovely woodland near Dulwich. The little hill from which he looked over to the teeming life of London was crowned by three magnificent elms. He also made acquaintance in his youth with the laburnum in his father's garden and the copper beech in his neighbor's, and liked to read his Shelley and Keats in hearing of the two nightingales singing in their branches.

But what is much more characteristic of him than his friendly feeling toward the trees, and certainly more unusual as part of a poet's equipment, is his familiarity with the lower world of Insecta and Reptilia. There is probably no other English poet in whose writings can be found so many allusions to insects and reptiles. They run across his pages as the birds fly over Tennyson's. Wasps and bees buzz, locusts hum, cicadas carouse, the scenic backgrounds are instinct with small fluttering, whirring, or creeping life. The lark on the wing, the snail on the thorn, God in His heaven, are concomitant sources of joy to Pippa passing through

the fresh spring morning. A lady walking in her garden draws her lover's attention to the moth on the milk-white phlox, and carefully lays aside the snail his foot has chanced to spurn "to feed and forget it the leaves among." The Englishman in Italy compares a quail's head "speckled white over brown" to "a great spider's back" and notes five great butterflies fighting for the prize of a golden rock flower. In "Pauline" and "Paracelsus" the "pale-throated water-snake" either reclines his head on a shelving tongue of bank, or turns "when fairies cross his sleep," and both poems show long intimacy with a

. . . kingdom limited
Alone by one old populous green wall
Tenanted by the ever-busy flies,
Gray crickets and shy lizards and quick spiders.

It was Browning's habit in his youth often to slip from the house after reading late at night to meet the approaching dawn in the Dulwich woods, and these expeditions left their mark on his poetry. He saw

The shrubs bestir and rouse themselves, as if
Some snake, that weighed them down all night, let go
His hold.

And he noted the snail again, this time

Travelling to see the glossy balls high up
Hung by the caterpillar, like gold lamps,

and the beetles running along the furrows where ants "made their ado," while "like an asp" the wind slipped "whispering from bough to bough."

"Sordello," the favorite puzzle of Browning Clubs, has many an allusion needing no elucidation to lamp-flies, "swimming spots of fire and dew," adventurous spiders "making light of distance," "circling blood-worms," buzzing colibri, splashing tortoise, the beetle "attesting the springing of a land wind from the west," the "chirruping, contumacious grasshopper," and the rustling lizard.

Pippa, whose day began bravely with her snail on the thorn, re-enters her bedroom at evening still full of concern for her little brothers of the wayside:

The bee with his comb,
The mouse with her dray,
The grub in his tomb
While winter away;
But the fire-fly and hedge-shrew and lob-worm, I
 pray,
How fare they?

The Piper of Hamelin boasts that in Tartary he has freed the Cham "from his huge swarms of gnats," the Jews who are driven to church on Holy Cross day are compared to

Wasps in a bottle, frogs in a sieve;
Worms in a carcass, fleas in a sleeve.

The reader in "Garden Fancies" drops his book in the crevice of a plum tree, finds next day that

A spider had spun his web across
And sat in the midst with his arms akimbo,

and wonders how the author liked it

 . . . when the live creatures
Tickled and toused and browsed him all over,
And worm, slug, eft, with serious features,
Came in, each one, for his right of trover,
When the water-beetle with great blind deaf face
Made of her eggs the stately deposit,
And the newt borrowed just so much of the preface
As tiled in the top of his black wife's closet.

Sordello in his drowsy Paradise is like

 . . . the great palmer-worm that strips the trees,
Eats the life out of every luscious plant,
And when September finds them sere or scant,
Puts forth two wondrous winglets, alters quite,
And hies him after unforeseen delight.

These little creatures minutely observed during the period of Browning's gypsy

experiences are most frequently referred to in the early poems, while his recollection of the snakes and lady-birds of his boyish collection of pets was still affectionately keen. Time did not, however, entirely alter his predilection.

"The Ring and the Book," written in the late sixties, after he had passed his half-century mile-stone, has scores of lines to show how easily, a metaphor being wanted, his mind turned back to its old familiars. For example, a flight of eloquence is compared to

 . . . some finished butterfly,
Some breathing diamond flake with leaf-gold fans,
That takes the air, no trace of worm it was,
Or cabbage-bed it had production from.

Guido harping on palace and villa "creaks like the implacable cicala's cry." The priest metamorphosed into a knight suggests that "the gray innocuous grub" has been "hatched a hornet." The timid wife when roused springs, not like a tigress (an over-worked animal in fiction), but like a pythoness. The Count in blind rage stamps "on all, the earthworms with the asp." Pompilia makes pitiful allusion to the fig on which "three hundred thousand bees and wasps are feeding," rebukes those who decry a spider in the crystal purity of Caponsacchi's nature; and likens her attention attracted by confits tossed into her lap to the soaring bee brought down by a handful of dust thrown at it. The Pope finds speech that shows falsehood underneath like the "split skin across the coppery snake." Guido compares Pietro and Violante to "two ambiguous insects," who,

 . . . changing name
And nature with the season's warmth or chill,
Now grovelled, grubbing, toiling, molling, ants,
A very synonym of thrift and peace,
Anon, with lusty June to prick their heart,
Soared i' the air, winged flies for more offence.

Caponsacchi compares the Count to the snake which,

 . . . hatched on hill top by mischance,
Despite his wriggling, slips, slides, slidders down
Hill side, lies low and prostrate on the smooth
Level of the outer place, lapsed in the vale.

In "The Red Cotton Nightcap Country" Clara is thus analyzed:

Born, bred, with just one instinct, that of growth,
Her quality was, caterpillar-like,
To all unerringly select a leaf
And without intermission feed her fill,
Become the Painted Peacock, or belike
The Brimstone-wing, when time of year should suit;
And 't is a sign (say entomologists)
Of sickness, when the creature stops its meal
One minute, either to look up at heaven,
Or turn aside for change of aliment.
No doubt there was a certain ugliness
In the beginning, as the grub grew worm:
She could not find the proper plant at once,
But crawled and fumbled through a whole parterre.

In "The Two Poets of Croisic" (1878), we are reminded that

. . . placid lives,
Leisurely works mark the *divinior mens*:
Bees brood above the honey in their hives;
Gnats are the busy bustlers.

And in the Epilogue is told the pretty story of the cricket who in ancient days helped a Greek minstrel by chirping out the note lost by the breaking of his lyre string.

In "Ferishtah's Fancies," Ferishtah philosophizes on the contentment of the palm-aphis (a leaf-sucking insect), a "minute miracle, as wondrous every whit as thou or I," who feeds,

. . . nor finds his leaf
Untenable because a lance thrust, nay,

Lightning strikes ere a moss-patch close beside,
Where certain other aphids live and love.

Finally, in "Asolando," published on the day of Browning's death, we find the little verses called "White Witchcraft," in which he affectionately enshrines the memory of one of the humble friends of his boyhood, a toad which lived in his father's garden and became much attached to him.

He's loathsome, I allow;
There may or may not lurk a pearl beneath his
puckered brow:
But see his eyes that follow mine—love lasts there,
anyhow.

I have by no means exhausted the supply of information concerning the aspect and habits of these inhabitants of the animal kingdom to be culled from Browning's poetry, but what I have quoted is quite sufficient to show his native and abiding love for delving into the little lives commonly considered beneath a poet's notice. The unappreciated, the unbeloved, the unpopular, never ceased to appeal to him whether he found it in the human soul or in the unpleasant coat of a caterpillar. Other poets might write of larks and nightingales and he also would write of them, but not to the exclusion of snails and lob-worms. His point of view seems consistently to have been what is worthy of creation is worthy of our interest.



Nature between Book-Covers

By DALLAS LORE SHARP

THIS bundle of nature books tumbled from the package like a lapful of flowers, gay of cover and summery. You cannot think of a nature book without a cover, a distinctive cover; but nature books with only covers—and photogravures—are as common these days as daisies. A few photographs, a little of Packard's text, a gorgeous Polyphemus cover—and you have the latest how-to-know moth book. Photographs, bits of Gray's text, a landscape cover in gold—a how-to-know tree book. The how-to-know bird books are like the moth and tree books—only more than both of them for number.

I would not trade my business-like Chapman for all the colored, be-cameraed bird books of the last decade, nor my little leather-covered Gray for all the recent botanical books I have seen.

Of course Gray is not "popular"—it has no pictures, does not announce on the title-page "For non-botanical readers," nor commence with poetry. But then; everybody goes a-naturing now, and doubtless these pretty books have helped start the crowd off.

Among the new books on botany are "Trees, Shrubs, and Vines,"* by H. E. Parkhurst; "Our Northern Shrubs,"† by Harriet L. Keeler, and "With the Trees"‡ by Maud Going. All three of these writers are known by previous fruits. Mr. Parkhurst's book is one of the kind for non-botanical readers, a get-rich-quick sort of botany, intended, first, for a guide to Central Park Arboretum, and, secondly, as a ready tag-book for our woody plants. It presupposes no scientific knowledge on the user's part, and it will leave him with less. Most botanical students cannot see the woods for the trees, at best; this book only points out more

trees. It gives no natural relationships, no family groupings. It classifies (!) species by the shape of their leaves and color of their blossoms—which might not be the worst way if leaves and blossoms were noses and the plants were men. For instance, because it has a certain shaped leaf, tree number one is the small magnolia; number two, the persimmon; number three, the willow oak, whence follow oaks at intervals up to eighty-six. It will be a valuable book for those who simply want names for things.

Miss Keeler's shrub book is of quite a different order. It deals only with the shrubs, is arranged botanically throughout, and is illustrated with two hundred and forty photographs, almost every other page being a clear, large half-tone cut of the species described opposite in the careful, comprehensive text. This is for the non-botanical reader, too, but it is entirely unpretentious, simple, and scientific, which takes away nothing of interest, and greatly adds to its usefulness.

The earth and all the books therein have been ransacked for sayings and facts about trees, and all this lore made into Maud Going's "With the Trees." How amazingly many things have been said about trees! How vast a collection of odd and remarkable things the author has gotten together about wood! Not a botanic fact or theory touching trees seems to have escaped her. But I recall a line or two from Chaucer that she has not quoted—

As ook, firre, birch, aspe, alder, hoim, popeler,
Wylugh, elm, plane, asshe, box, chasteyn, lynde,
laurer, etc.—

which is quite as much to the point as some things she did quote. "With the Trees" is an informing book—"All there Is to Know and All that has been Said about Trees" would be an improvement upon the present title. It is well illustrated, brightly written, with many a happy turn; but curiously

* "Trees, Shrubs, and Vines." By H. E. Parkhurst. Scribner. \$1.50.

† "Our Northern Shrubs." By Harriet L. Keeler. Scribner. \$2.00.

‡ "With the Trees." By Maud Going. Baker & Taylor Co. \$1.00.

uneven in style, or rather, I should say, mixed. It is "written down," good sensible science made quite silly with baby talk, with the most pathetic kind of the pathetic fallacy, as if the writer's desire to be popular were struggling on every page with her scientific conscience.

A new order of flower book is "The Flower Beautiful,"* by Clarence Moores Weed. In spite of the downy title and full-blown rhododendron cover the book is not a rhapsody, but an unusually practical and suggestive treatise on arranging flowers artistically. It contains a great deal of information about vases and potteries; about flowers and their colors and shapes in relation to their receptacles and surroundings. The sixty illustrations are exquisite—poetry enough for the somewhat technical and insistent text, and ample demonstration of the author's leading principle of simplicity as the first artistic law in the use of flowers.

A queer little English volume is "The Tramp's Handbook,"† by Harry Roberts. What earthly use any tramp has for a book on tramping I quite fail to see—unless one tramps in his study—where the author has done much of his tramping. There is something positively humorous in the thought that at last Weary Willie has a book. But he would quit the road if he tried tramping according to this book-receipt. Would n't it appal him to find out he needed an axe, and then, to see the picture of the forge he ought to have! But worse than that is the receipt for stewing chestnuts, the vast amount of classical poetry in with the cookery, and the Romany vocabulary at the back of the book. It is interesting to read, but of little practical use to an American camper.

Being classical is not the fault of "A Prairie Winter"‡ by An Illinois Girl. It is strictly modern, American and Illinoisan. From September through to June this young woman's winter

runs thus: "We have put two leaves in the dining-room table, for Mary and the babies have come home." "I love soap-suds." "This packet is marked 'Corn-flower,' that 'Phlox' . . . When all is done I put the box away on a top shelf . . . to await the spring"—to one who reads it piecemeal. But it must not be read piecemeal. It is a homely picture of a wholesome, happy home life, against a background of clouds and skies and wide winter fields. There is a charming simplicity about the style of the book, but there is overmuch of the trivial in the details.

Another book too big by a half is "Walks in New England,"§ by Charles Goodrich Whiting. The author without hesitancy has painted all the out-of-doors. Only a writer thoroughly convinced that he was inspired would dare think of it. In places he is quite inspired, always reverent and usually accurate. But he is long drawn out. The same thing is said over and over—the description of the witch hazel's odor for instance in four successive chapters—thought and almost the very phraseology repeated. The normal reader is shocked by the metrical rhapsody on the song-sparrow at the first of the book, and is given no time to recover, for the strain continues to the end. Less effort, half as many chapters, and fewer details would go far toward making the book a real addition to our best nature writings.

Mr. Whiting might study with profit the little volume by James Buckham, "Where Town and Country Meet."|| It is the best nature book I have seen this year. Mr. Buckham is more poet than naturalist, perhaps, but very much of both. He writes about what he sees along the paths from his back door to his various fishing holes. He knows that it is necessary to make believe to do some useful thing if he would enjoy the song-sparrow; so he fishes. His book is crowded with accurate observations. It is gentle, effortless in style, graceful, refreshing, and deeply interpretative.

* "The Flower Beautiful." By Clarence Moores Weed. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. \$2.50.

† "The Tramp's Handbook." By Harry Roberts. Lane. \$1.00.

‡ "A Prairie Winter." By an Illinois Girl. Outlook Co. \$1.00.

§ "Walks in New England." By Charles Goodrich Whiting. Lane. \$1.50.

|| "Where Town and Country Meet." By James Buckham. Jennings & Pye. \$1.00.

"Wood Folk at School," alias "The School of the Woods,"* by William J. Long, is the book that called forth Mr. Burroughs's slashing article on "Real and Sham Natural History" in the March *Atlantic*. The reader is referred to that article, and to Mr. Long's reply in the *North American Review* for May. In his defence there he tells a most astonishing story of some orioles, and remarks about it that any one seeing the nest of birds above his desk could not believe that birds did it. One of my naturalist friends reading the story exclaimed, "He's right! No one could believe that." If only these thrilling tales in "Wood Folk at School" could be believed, what a debt we would owe him!

Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller's latest book recognizes the demand of the public by bearing on its cover the title "True Bird Stories."† They are for children, a fascinating bookful, charmingly told and illustrated. Mrs. Miller is careful with her facts; her interpretations, however, are strictly her own.

I am glad to see a new edition of Nuttall's "Handbook of the Birds of the United States and Canada."‡ If one can have but a single bird book, there is none better than this edition of Nuttall, revised and added to by Montague Chamberlain. Beside the short and careful descriptions of the species, I like the "popular" part—the natural-history essays accompanying the descriptions, highly colored as they are. The hundred colored drawings are old-fashioned and very bright too, but along with the numerous cuts in the text they help make a very useful and worthy book.

If one can have all the books he wants he will enjoy adding "The Water-Fowl Family"§ by Leonard C. Sanford to his library. It is the best in the series (The American Sportsman's Library), I think, and will be as interesting to naturalists

and general students as to sportsmen.

We are passing from the study of birds to the study of the students of birds. Anything with birds in it or on it finds a market these days. "The Story of a Bird Lover,"|| most daintily bound in gold and ring-doves, is the autobiography of W. E. D. Scott of Princeton University. Mr. Scott is well known among the ornithologists of the land, and lately he has reached the unscientific readers through his volume "Bird Studies." His life is interesting, more interesting for many reasons than the lives of the most of us common mortals; but the world at large cares little for the dates and stopping-places of the innumerable trips that a naturalist like Mr. Scott must take. Too many people are travelling for that. There is too much about the lover and too little about the birds in the book. Many will buy it for the ring-doves on the cover and find to their disappointment just a human being inside.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter, says Professor Liberty H. Bailey in his book of essays, "The Nature-Study Idea."¶ The whole matter of nature study is not concluded by Professor Bailey, but he answers a big number of questions that have bothered us, and he sets going a very much bigger number of new ones that it will do us good to ponder on. What is nature study? Its dangers? Its benefits? What are we in relation to the world about us? What is worth while anyhow? You may not agree with the little book, but you will think, and the outdoor world will seem a very good and wholesome place to live in after you have read "The Nature-Study Idea." The scoffers will still scoff at the beans in the schoolroom windows. There won't be so many scoffers after this, however, and there will be more beans. There is little excuse for the slovenly style and for the mistakes in this book. The author says, for instance: "Botany has to do with cells and protoplasm and cryptoGRAMS."

* "Wood Folk at School." By William J. Long. Ginn. 50 cts.

† "True Bird Stories." By Olive Thorne Miller. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. \$1.00.

‡ "Handbook of the Birds of the United States and Canada." By Thomas Nuttall. Little, Brown, & Co. \$3.00.

§ "The Water-Fowl Family." By Leonard C. Sanford. Macmillan. \$2.00.

|| "The Story of a Bird Lover." By W. E. D. Scott. The Outlook Co. \$1.50.

¶ "The Nature-Study Idea." By Liberty H. Bailey. Doubleday, Page, & Co. \$1.00.



Maurice Hewlett as a Poet

By MILTON BRONNER

MAURICE HEWLETT in English literature, one is tempted to say, is Walter Pater plus life, meaning by that the beauties of the younger man's work are live felicities, while those of the author of "Marius" are dead felicities. Pater, with all his richness of style, produces the idea of a chaste and restrained treatment of dead-and-gone things, over which it is pleasant to ponder with a certain sweet melancholy. Hewlett is all alive; his style glows with the tropic luxuriance of that Renaissance of which he has made himself a latter-day exponent and master. He has thrown back his imagination half a thousand years to retell tales with perfect *quattrocento* feeling, with all of its worship of beauty, its love for color, its reverence for the human form divine. He opens a window, as it were, out of which we look into a by-gone age and see life as it was, understanding it better than before, better than many learned volumes could teach us.

Already his name stands for something definite and distinctive in English literature and he is one of the men upon whom the discerning are pinning their hopes. It is not too much, then, to think that something about his earlier work will be of interest, especially as it may serve as a key to his later output, and show the trend of his mind and the character of his studies and enthusiasms.

His first writings, as with so many English men of letters, were poems. The question at once suggests itself, How will this devotee of the old things, this weaver of arras-like pictures, write

as a poet? Will he choose subjects which afterwards will appeal to him as a writer of beautiful prose? Is he a Greek pagan by way of the Italian Renaissance? Does he display the same passion for rich English, even to the touch of preciosity? Is he marked by the love of lovely words until one imagines him exclaiming fervently, "I thank Heaven for this beautiful English word"? These questions can best be answered by an immediate appeal to his work in verse, to "A Masque of Dead Florentines," written in 1895, and to "Songs and Meditations," published in 1897. Despite the fact that the date of the "Songs" is later, there are signs innumerable in the contents that it is a gathering of the author's earliest work, the result of studies in the poetry of his own land and of Italy, his spirit country.

It has been said that Hewlett is a Greek pagan by way of the Italian Renaissance, and appropriately enough the "Songs" contain many Greek studies. Perhaps "studies" is not the word. They are Greek not so much in feeling as in subject, Hymnia, Artemis, Ariadne, and Clytie being some of those who are celebrated in his verse. But he does not take such subjects alone. He has read his Herrick and strews his verse with fair English flowers. He has conned his Cavalier poets and writes, "That Stone Walls Can Never Separate Him from His Lady," "His Lady a Thief," and "Having Lost His Lady." He has studied his Italian and writes *canzone* and *stornelli* and translates the dirge of Politian for the dead Lorenzo.

There is little here to suggest the modern English poet, save it be that of the poet in his fledgling years, trying his wings, copying the old masters, until he finds himself. The single modern note is sounded in "War Songs for the English," in which America is called upon in a "Rally," another evidence of the curious foreknowledge of a coming *entente* between America and England, displayed some time before the event.

So great a master of criticism as Arnold has given it as his opinion that a quotation from a poet in many cases can do more to illustrate what the writer wishes to make clear than pages of the most lucid analysis. This then shall be the excuse for more or less copious extracts from two books of Hewlett's which are practically unknown to the general reading public, one being out of print and so almost *introwable*.

Mention has been made of his treatment of Greek themes in his own way. The closing lines of his "Hymn to Artemis" may be cited as one of the numerous beautiful tributes paid by him to woman, as fine as those minute descriptions scattered through his prose:

All that is gracious and suave in a maid,
All fearless and flawless in chastely carved lips,
All that is proud in her eyes, intent, unafraid,
What there may be in the touch of her finger-tips;
The reticence of her and modesty, keeping apart,
The joyance of swift, light motion, throat to the day;
All the glowing abandon that beats in her heart,
All the love she knoweth but shunneth to say:
The rapture of living, love's growing, the babe
That seeketh the breast—
They are thine, Lady, that figure all, having all
That is pure at thy best!

Contrast with this picture, suggested by a Greek subject, the following opening lines of a poem entitled "Donna È Gentil":

Thy lonely virginal air,
And thy vague eyes,
The carven stillness of thy sorrowful mouth,
And sanctity of thy youth,

Mark thee for no man's prize:
Set thee apart to be fair,
Holy, lovely, and wise.

In this last there is the slow, solemn music so apt to be associated with a study of Dante or a poem founded on his words. So, again, Dante suggests a poem, and under the title "Nessun Maggior Dolore" we have this younger English verseman's version of the famous lines:

Never a sharper grief
Than remembrance of happy things
When our misery stings
And wounds ache for relief.

One more quotation from the "Songs." The poem is a "Dirge," a little thing, the most perfect in the book, reminiscent of nothing unless it be of the Pre-Raphaelite manner:

How should my lord come home to his lands?
Alas for my lord, so brown and strong!
A lean cross in his folded hands,
And a daw to croak him a resting song.

And in autumn tide when the leaves fall down,
And wet falls as they fall, drip by drip,
My lord lies wan that once was so brown,
And the frost cometh to wither his lip.

My lord is white as the morning mist,
And his eyes ring'd like the winter moon:
And I will come as soon as ye list—
O love! is it time? May the time be soon!

There is something of magic in this, the old mysterious magic of Morris in his "Defence of Guenevere" volume. It has been said that though published in 1897, after "Earthwork Out of Tuscany" and "A Masque of Dead Florentines" appeared, the "Songs" bear internal evidence of having been a collection of youthful essays in verse. In like manner the "Masque" gives one the impression of being, in verse of the most epigrammatic form, the definite result of Hewlett's studies of the Italian Renaissance and his musings thereon.

The book crept quietly into print in 1895, was hardly noticed at the time, and its existence at the present day is hardly known, save to the determined book-collectors, who perhaps value it

more for its scarcity than its contents. It is an altogether peculiar and unique book in English literature. By the very force of its subject and treatment, it is placed beyond the chance of popularity, presupposing, as it does, an entire familiarity with all of the great names in Florentine art, poetry, and statesmanship. Cheek by jowl, each of the great Florentines marches through its pages, explaining the very core of his life and aspirations in a quatrain as worthy the term "epigram" as the famous book of them by William Watson.

It has been pointed out by Pater that the great Florentines, and indeed all the natives of the famous city, were preoccupied with the thought of death. As proof of this, witness the terrible "Pageant of Death" held in 1512, described at length by Vasari and beginning:

The triumphal car was covered with black cloth, and was of vast size; it had skeletons and white crosses painted upon its surface, and was drawn by buffaloes, all of which were totally black: within the car stood the colossal figure of Death, bearing the scythe in his hand; while round him were covered tombs, which opened at all the places where the procession halted, while those who formed it, chanted lugubrious songs, when certain figures stole forth, clothed in black cloth, on whose vestments the bones of a skeleton were depicted in white.

Of this terrible carnival song Symonds has given us a version of which the following lines will give a good idea:

Even as you are, once were we:
 You shall be as now we are:
 We are dead men, as you see:
 We shall see you dead men, where
 Naught avails to take great care
 After sins of penitence.

We, too, in the carnival
 Sang our love song through the town;
 Thus from sin to sin we all
 Headlong, heedless, tumbled down;
 Now we cry, the world around,
 Penitence, oh penitence!

Senseless, blind, and stubborn fools!
 Time steals all things as he rides:
 Honors, glories, states, and schools

Pass away, and naught abides,
 Till the tomb our carcass hides,
 And compels grim penitence.

It may not be wrong to conjecture that intimate knowledge of the details of this famous pageant and its song, coupled with a genuine insight into the Florentine mind and heart, led Hewlett to the composition of possibly his most original work, this strange "Masque," in which the persons are given as a "chorus of tired ladies and poets forgotten," "The Florentine Shades," "A Herald," "Three Reproaches," and "King Death."

It is not hard to see from this that it is a *macabre* book, a book that would make the ordinary reader approach it with a shudder, if indeed he can be made to approach it at all. To this masque there is absolutely no action. The chorus stands in a ruined garden in winter. One by one the famous men of Florence pass by, each with a quatrain on his lips, which is oft times taken up and elaborated by chorus as in the regulation Greek play.

The wonderful ingenuity of the poet is displayed by the fact that each of these quatrains ends either with the word of doom, "dead" or "death," and yet there is no sense of monotony, but only the cumulative effect of the sense of inevitableness the poet wishes to convey, as indicated in a fanciful little poem used as a foreword.

Gentles, you and Death and I
 Have a friendly fall to try.
 He is masterful and plays
 Steadily; looks not for praise,
 Heeds no blame. Your head is high,
 High as mine—but by and bye?

The first of the great shades to pass is that of Dante. One would think it impossible to compress within the narrow limits of a quatrain the story of such a great soul, yet read:

The first to speak in Florence, Florence spurn'd
 My song and service. From home to outland turn'd,
 I sensed God's secrets, eating salted bread.
 God woke my love by death: they crown'd me, dead.

Chorus takes up the theme and here is part of its comment:

And that great utterance he said
Liveth, and he who saw the dead
Cannot taste death ; for Death's hand shook
To feel the burden of his Book.

The power and beauty of the tribute
in the last line need no comment.

If this was Dante, hear then the
secret of Petrarch, carver of matchless
sonnets:

My voice was as the swan's that dirgeth death ;
My joys were frail things, lighter than a breath.
But, like the night, I froze them to a brede—
They wove me crowns thereof, and wrapt me dead.

Of the third of the great Florentine
triad, chorus sings:

Yes, thou art dead, Boccace !
Thy garden plot, a hundred starry flowers,
Yet springs, is fragrant yet of soft light loves,
Love languid, love askance, love under bowers
Of myrtle trees, love eager, love that proves
How love may ache, alas !

To have done with the poets and
turn to other great names, take as a
last example the sinister words put into
the mouth of the poet Pulci:

Let who wins laugh : I laugh'd at Heaven and
Earth.

Dante saw Grief and lov'd her ; I chose Mirth.
Mirth and I laugh'd till we were out of breath,
And left one laughing still—the jester, Death.

"Macchiavellian" has passed into our
language as a synonym for all that is
tricky, crafty, and mean. Not to
many does it occur that there was
tragedy in this Italian statesman's life
and yet:

That kings might feast I sweated God away ;
To insolent stripling feet I bow'd my grey
Wise brows. A smirk, a shrug, a wagging head—
I used this way : they use it on me dead.

The modern writer has used the
ancient privileges of poetry and has
become a seer. Macchiavel becomes
from henceforth a figure somewhat
pitiful, lacking something of the Me-
phistophelian character attributed to it
by history and tradition.

There was a priest once in Florence
who saw the excesses of Church and

State. With furious, eloquent tongue
he called men to righteousness, led
Florence to better things, and finally
died for his beliefs. History knows
him as Savonarola. Would you hear
his autobiography—his soul biography
one is tempted to say?

God set in me a heart to burn like pain,
And Florence fed the fire. In vain, in vain,
I augur'd life ; the fire was heap'd ; I led
The way for Florence : Florence mock'd me dead.

Turning to the painters we can get a
striking contrast. There is Giotto,
notable for his beautiful dreams, his
purity. Therefore:

The hills that call each other thro' the night,
The stars that sing of silence, the trees of light,
I knew ! I knew ! "Thy brethren they," He saith.
There came a sister soon, meek Sister Death.

Contrast this with the words of that
satyr among painters, favorite never-
theless of poets, among whom Brown-
ing was chief, the satyr Lippo:

I peered for God and found him underneath
A girl's shy eyes. Up then came Master Death,
Saying, "You monk, bow down to me instead ;
Here is no god for you." My wench was dead.

And finally, to have done with these
fascinating quatrains, hear the words
of Benvenuto, confessed rascal and in-
spired artist in silver:

The glory of their princedom, and their power
Who go in purple, I knew my little hour.
What time my brain-trap gript them all, I led
Whither I would. What profiteth me dead ?

We have here briefly seen the young
Hewlett, his eager spirit ranging the
wide field of English poesy and pon-
dering with equal love the poets and
history of Italy. We have found him
studying the way of the versemen.
We have seen him learning the arts of
expression in carefully chiselled quat-
rains, at the same time that he is
storing his mind with the lore of that
great Italy of the *quattrocento*. So we
begin to understand how it was that he
became what he is, the prose laureate
of the Renaissance.





Paul Verlaine

By FRANCIS GRIERSON

THERE is a striking congruity in the three names, Villon, Voltaire, and Verlaine. The letter V, crossed at the top, forms a triangle; to think of Villon is to think of Voltaire and Verlaine. They stand in the history of literature like symbolical figures on the dial of Time. They are pointed

and personal; they become permanent in the memory.

Two or three short poems, such as Villon and Verlaine have left us, refute with a stroke of the pen the maxims of philosophers who lay down rules for the training of the intellect and the development of talent. A single page discloses more intellectual force of poetry than tomes of scientific and psychological analysis. One line from Villon:

Où sont les neiges d'antan ?

has swept through the avenues of Time like a souvenir of immortal regrets, and will pass on through the ages until the flood-gates of destiny swing together and the world fades on the shores of oblivion. There is more human feeling in two lines from Verlaine:

*Il pleut sur le toit
Et il pleur dans mon cœur,*

than there is in the whole of Milton's "Paradise Lost," no matter how we may try to deny it. The sublime rarely moves us unless it connotes something intimate and poignant. The heart can no more forget the real than it can escape out of the body. A bird may leave the cage and "fly away and be at rest," but the heart is without wings; it is bound under a burden of perpetual cares and the souvenirs of eternal sorrows. If Dante's great poem consisted in a description of Heaven no one



PAUL VERLAINE

(After the etching by Zorn. Courtesy of F. Keppel & Co.)

would read it. The interest centres in Hell and Purgatory. After these states he rises beyond the human; he ceases to speak of the things that afflict the soul, and we leave the poet to the joys of his own imagination. What some people call the classical is a cold, inanimate thing born of the intellect. And imagination alone has never yet satisfied the yearnings of humanity. Five hundred years hence Tennyson may only be quoted for a few brief lines in which "tears from the depths of some divine despair" will mingle in Keats's Grecian vase with the odor of Omarian roses.

The difference between the exquisite and the sublime is the difference between the heart and the imagination. Of the palaces in which I have been a guest I have not seen one I would care to live in. We admire the costly decorations and the frescoed ceilings, which necessitate a wrench of the neck to appreciate, but we are glad to be back to a cosy cottage or a comfortable hotel. One evening spent round a blazing log fire engenders more inspiration than a hundred spent before one carefully tended by a valet in brass buttons, the very sight of whom dissipates art and induces artifice. In literature the exquisite takes precedence of power. It is the rare and the consummate which possess the perennial charm. Writing of Villon and Verlaine, the question of taverns and cafés arises in my mind. It was in a café in the Place de l'Odéon that I first talked with Verlaine. Now, there is as much difference between a tavern of the olden times and a modern café as there is between a brasserie and a club. I never could acquire the habit of sitting at or in a café; but I found myself compelled to meet Verlaine at that particular café or not to see him at all. It was brilliantly lit, comfortable, orderly, and quiet. The poet was there when I arrived, and I was introduced by one of his friends. He appeared, as I had expected to see him, unaffected, and apparently unconcerned about anything or anybody. To judge him by the clothes he wore he might have been a carpenter or a bricklayer.

But his face—there was no doubt about that! There was the face, genus Villon-Voltaire! Some might have called it the second incarnation of François Villon. In all Paris there was nothing resembling it. Over two sleepy, waggish gray eyes, a pair of mephistophelian brows curved upward at the ends like an interrogation point in "Faust." When he tipped his slouch hat back on his head he looked the picture of a mediæval troubadour who might have gone about with a copy of Petrarch in one hand and a blunderbuss in the other. He smoked incessantly, occasionally taking a sip from a glass of cognac.

I divined beneath the drone-dreamy eyes the dim souvenirs of a thousand meditations too subtle for words. Once in a while he straightened up, raised his brows, and with an inimitable gesture of *bonhomie* passed a trivial remark. Certain gestures gave the impression that he was trying to suppress some passing emotion, and it seemed to me that he was smoking not so much for enjoyment as to keep his face from relaxing into an expression of gravity.

Nothing, says Talleyrand, discloses the secrets of the mind so much as the mouth. To keep the mouth covered was this diplomat's way of maintaining facial composure. Verlaine, drowsy as he was on that particular evening, was doing all he could to assist nature in an attitude of indifference. Perhaps of all the devices of man to veil the true state of the mind that of smoking is the most effective. What has it not done to keep thought hidden from the crowd! The small glass of cognac before him helped nothing; and I have noticed that the sipping of tea or coffee assists no one to hide the real expression of the face; that can only be done by holding a cigarette or a pipe in the mouth. And then the poet did not know me—I might have been an envious rival, or a newspaper man in search of copy.

Another poet, M. Jean Moreas, occupied a corner, where he played dominoes with a companion. Once in a while he would fix his eyes on his

friend and say with childish glee: "*J'ai du talent! Moi, j'ai du talent!*" tapping his breast with delightful egotism as he pronounced the words. M. Anatole France had just written a flattering notice of the young poet's first success, "*Le Pèlerin Passionné.*" I felt that I was being amused as well as instructed: there was Verlaine, sitting before us like a sleepy lion; others, here and there, playing dominoes; the general calm broken now and again by

coquettes, in all of which some dignity and order might be surmised.

But sitting in a café of any description has always seemed to me like a descent into Bohemia. The difference between the independence of the garret and the disorder of the gutter is no more than six flights of stairs. There are people who try to hide the truth regarding the habit of spending a certain portion of the day or evening in such places, but the habit dissipates



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VERLAINE AT VOLTAIRE'S FAVORITE TABLE IN THE CAFÉ PROCOPE

the cry of exuberant *naïveté*: "*Moi, j'ai du talent!*"

Verlaine at last began to be talkative without saying anything worthy of note. Suddenly he proposed to accompany us to the Chat Noir. I offered some excuse. Sitting there, in an old, classical quarter of Paris, I felt myself still in an atmosphere of poetic and artistic tradition. We were as yet on the borders of sanity and sanitation, in a world where we might, in imagination, touch the gold on Richelieu's robe, the locks on the wig of Racine, and the perfumed fringes of courtly

intellectual force. I noticed a clashing of individual interests and ambitions which made me think of a cosmopolitan crowd at a *table d'hôte*. Indeed, a literary café, a *table d'hôte*, and a pseudo-mystical salon are three things which give a bad turn to the blood and a wry expression to the face. The first discourages, the second gives indigestion, the third develops madness.

I saw Verlaine twice again, once at his lodging-house, in a street in the poorest quarter of the Panthéon, close to Sainte-Geneviève, in the very neighborhood frequented by François Villon

five hundred years ago! These narrow streets have remained the same for ages. Villon had probably often walked through this street, perhaps even lived in it; but now the picturesque houses of his time have been replaced by ugly and unromantic stone buildings which form conventional living-tombs for the unfortunate men of talent and genius doomed to live and die in them.

When we entered the house we saw a greasy-looking proprietor, who conducted us to a bedroom on one of the upper floors. The room, with its old-fashioned bed with faded curtains, was the picture of canopied misery. The sight still haunts me, in spite of the intervening years. There was not a book or a newspaper or a hand-bag or an ornament anywhere visible; nothing but the bed, a few chairs, and a table. I had visited genius on the top floors of dingy houses, in garrets far above the hum and movement of the material world, and yet in these places I had noticed signs of home-like comfort—there were books, an easy chair, a pet cat or dog, and some one within calling distance. This room filled me with horror. The poet had alighted here like a bird of passage on a withered tree in the wilderness of Paris. He had come to this place I know not how nor for how long, and I am not sure that he felt the situation one way or the other, or gave himself much trouble about the appearance of the room, the house, or anything in it. I had opened the door of Bohemia and looked in as we look at a ward in a hospital.

After waiting about ten minutes Verlaine entered. He carried a bowl with food of some kind, and after a few words of apology he sat down and pro-

ceeded to eat the contents. My one thought now was how to get away, for I saw that the poet was not in a talking mood, and conversation under such conditions was not to be expected.

But I saw Verlaine once again, and for the last time. It was on the Boulevard Saint-Michel, some months later. He walked with difficulty, leaning on the arm of a young man who seemed half idiotic. They looked like two mendicants on their way home after having amassed a few sous at some church door. The unfortunate poet had altered considerably; he looked preoccupied, indifferent. He was going to pass me when a sudden impulse made me stop him. To my great surprise he began to talk seriously. He spoke of his souvenirs of England: "Ah," he said among other things, "what a difference there is between the word '*mère*' and the word 'mother'! The English word is soft, homely, and musical. I love the English language. There is the word 'heaven'; how much more beautiful it is than the word '*ciel*'! English is made for sentiment and poetry."

I was now talking to Verlaine the poet. Every word he uttered was full of serious meaning. Pathetic beyond expression was the simplicity, the *naïveté* of his words and gestures. The aspect of the mediæval expression had gone from his face. It seemed to me that I was talking to one of Millet's peasants who had laid aside the hoe for a moment to express to a passer-by some of his most intimate and hallowed feelings. And so I had one more proof of the eternal verity uttered by the immortal ploughman: "A man's a man for a' that."



Bohemia as It Is Not

By M. H. VORSE

THERE is a Land of Cockayne where all the world is merry, and at whose frontier cause and effect cease to have power; where vice is always innocent and never ugly; where men when drunk become inspired; where every one is witty, or, if not that, then as gay as Mimi Pinson. No one grows old in this country, and those who are old already are endowed with an immortal youth of spirits. To be a true citizen of Cockayne one must starve now and then, but the Cockaynians, when they lack food, like the saints of old, always chance on a raven to bring them a *chateaubriand aux pommes*, or, perhaps, are miraculously assisted to a dinner by a lion. It is always Christmas in the Land of Cockayne, and when it is not Christmas, it is summer. Good Fellowship is the patron saint of the people; every one loves every one else, or, if they don't, they have such quaint ways of hating one another. The houses are all attics, and every attic has the most beautiful view, generally over the Luxembourg Gardens, while just across in the next mansard is the daintiest little sempstress in the world. You can see her in a little ruffled corset-cover and silk petticoat, getting a meal for her *bon ami* any time you look out of the window.

What gaiety over the way! Of course that silk petticoat is her only one, and perhaps it is only near-silk, but what matter, her joyousness is real! Newcomers in this happy land always are jealous of the happiness in the opposite attic, so they go to a café or stroll down the Boul' Mich', and next time you see them they are provided with the sweetest Mimi Pinson of a girl, with a name ending in "ette" or "ine"—there are conventions in the Land, and this one concerning terminations is binding; it has been broken but once by a young person with a name ending in "lby." They are

young, these Ettes and Ines, as pretty as they are young, and as innocent as they are pretty—an indigenous sort of innocence, different from ours, unmoral, the Cockaynians call it. Then, too, they are so refined; one is glad to know that these gentle little pagans—whose pretty thumbs are always at their noses, mocking deadly respectability—are refined. It must be an essential trait, for the people who write about the Land always make a point of this.

The name of this country is Bohemia. When any one comes back from there he always writes a book about it. That is how one comes to know about the gaiety and Louissette and the attic.

There was once a big, burly man with a personality, who made a creed of irregularity. He was as punctual to his irregularities as a New England farmer to his dinner at twelve, and it was he who founded the Land of Cockayne, as sure as George Washington was the Father of our country; there are some who say he even invented it. It was he who turned rioters into Bohemians, who made debauch respectable; he popularized revolt, and was the first to put decency on the dunce's stool for the diversion of the people. Before his day, decency had been on occasion politely ignored; but it was one of his laws that all Bohemians should make a point of saluting decency with a thumb to the nose. Then he made literature of *La Vie de Bohême*, and said the last original word that could possibly be said on the subject. That was sixty years ago. Alphonse Daudet speaks of a glimpse he had, as a lad of eighteen, of "a world apart, with a language of its own, a world with strange morals. A world," he says, "which to-day has disappeared, and is almost entirely forgotten." He wrote that more than fifteen years ago. Since then there has been a pale recrudescence of Mugeria. A parcel of

students playing the pranks of youth, and some older men aping youth's license, have been lovingly observed by pathetic foreigners of Puritan ancestry. These went home and wrote with reverence descriptions of this Bohemia which they fancied they had seen. They fancied, too, that they were writing original stories, when, after all, it was only Muger done into the American tongue which they had given to the world. And so we have the old stories dressed up in a variety of forms. Now it is called *The Latin Quarter*, or *Lizette of the Quarter*, or *Anything Else One Chooses of the Quarter*, or of *Montmartre*, and if a girl happens to be the author, the name of the book may be "Edges." Black cats stalk through the pages, and wicked little pierrots of girls dance alluringly through the books, and every little while one stops to sigh, "Poor little Ette!" "Poor little Ine!" In each one of the books one is dragged through a number of studios and *Moulin Rougish* places, all innocently indecorous. The Philistine reader may perhaps become fatigued with so much roystering, and wonder wherein the merry-makings differ so much from the reception and dinner in his own country, except that in *Philistia* there is not quite so much noise and more ventilation. Another thing which puzzles him is, why immorality should be so innocent and spring-like in Bohemia. It is because Bohemia is like *Christian Science*: there is no sin, there is no pain, there is no death.

Well, Muger is dead. He died an acknowledged leader of letters, crowned by the Institute. We are told that late in life he used to return to the kingdom of his invention to receive the homage of these subjects whom he had actually created. They owed him a deep debt of gratitude, for they did not know that they were Bohemians until he told them. After he died they went on telling each other that they were Bohemians, and their children's children to-day repeat the old proud name. After all, it was a kingdom that has existed more between the covers of books than anywhere else.

It was not a very interesting world except in description. It was—and is—burdened by too many conventions. For the punctilio of irregularity has been followed so minutely that even the proud wearers of the name have to rush out now and again for a refreshing breath of respectability. One can be respectable in many original ways, but Bohemianism has its canons laid down, and walk in them the Bohemian must, and even then he cannot be sure at this date that he is a Bohemian. For was there ever a real Bohemia? Was n't it after all called into fictitious life by its sponsor? or if it ever had a flesh-and-blood existence, did n't the first blighting breath of self-consciousness kill it? We cannot answer, we only know that it has an active existence on paper; and that each year many books are written about it,—books that have a little wistful note which implies, "Here you have an account of what I hoped to find," and one guesses after all the author had found only the formal informalities of a world which perpetually junketed according to some set rules.

Many young people are impressed by these books, and they go on a quest for the Land of Cockayne; they knock, and the doors of a thousand greasy table-d'hôtes open to them; they seek and they find clerks from department stores reciting "Take Me Somewhere East of Suez." Youth hates defeat, so he calls what he has found "Bohemia," and unless he has a very honest mind, he reads that which he has read into what he sees, and then, perhaps, writes another book. There is something sad about it all—the search of youth for a gay and lawless country. It is the old search for the ideal in other terms. Bohemia has had many incarnations in the world's history. It used to be called "Arcadia," and court ladies dressed themselves up as Shepherdesses, and had many pastoral emotions. Dreamers speak of it as the Golden Age, and Idealists look forward to it as the Millennium, and in all these various dreams, even in smoke-laden Bohemia, the ideal of youth and gaiety reigns.



Books of To-Day and Books of To-Morrow

DEAR BELINDA,—

I picked up a magazine a few days ago and read an article upon "Fogeys." It said that the worst old fogeys are to be found in England; they are unconscious of being from twenty to fifty years behind the times . . . they are old people who love their own beds, their own warming-pans, and their own folly, and prejudice grows worse with age. The spirit of so-called irreverence which old people say is a note of to-day is nothing more than resentment at old-fogeyism, and it is the natural outcome of British stubbornness. In nothing has this spirit of old-fogeyism been recently seen so much as in the opposition to motors. At the present time most monstrous injustice is being done in England to a great industry and a great sport by old fogeys. Until the Paris-Madrid race all went well, and there would have been little or no opposition to Mr. Long's Bill. Since that event, however, a most astounding amount of prejudice has arisen, largely owing to the gross exaggeration in the newspaper accounts of the accidents in the Paris-Madrid Race. Old fogeys are writing to the papers from Surbiton and Camden Town by the dozen, and there are about three times as many police traps as there were formerly. Magistrates are increasing the amount of the fines, and the *Daily Telegraph* heads a column every morning "The Social Juggernaut." Every person who cannot afford a motor, or who has not succeeded in being able to drive one, is joining in this ridiculous and futile crusade. The motor will win the day, and it can afford to wait. The same opposition was shown to the railways years ago, and the descendants of

those who opposed the railway being brought near towns and houses now daily lament their ill-fortune. In the future more or less distant we shall read, as recently prophesied, that "the Surrey Magistrates' Automobile Club went on its annual run from Kingston-on-Thames to John O'Groat's yesterday. The magistrates left Kingston at 9 A.M. Lunch was served in Edinburgh at 2 P.M. A speech in opposition to the proposed new law limiting motoring speed to a hundred miles an hour was made by the chairman of the Bench. The magistrates will return to-day and hear a large number of prosecutions against pedestrians for annoying motorists by walking in the highway."

Horse traction will daily grow less and less in our streets and along our roads, and the curse of cruelty to animals will largely cease. Our roads will have to be surfaced in a different way, so that dust is reduced to a minimum. If we have better-surfaced roads the cost of the motor will at once be considerably reduced. At present motoring is anything but cheap. The man who has a motor always wants a newer and a better one, and there is always the upkeep of whatever he has at the moment.

The motor-car, of course, comes in for a good deal of excellent fooling. *Punch* has suggested a long list of alternative names for a *chauffeur*, such as hen-flattener, goggle-bogey, baby-scarer, petrol-whiffist, juggernautman. The *Daily News* came out the other morning with a document which it published, "with all reserve," under the heading of "The New Motor-Car Bill —A Bill to enable His Majesty's First

Lord of the Treasury and other His Majesty's Voluntary Ratepayers to Acquire without Land Purchase, Fee, or Annual License, such Roads, Foot-paths, Public Spaces, Parish Commons, Unconsecrated Burial-grounds, and all other Territory that may be Convenient, in the Interests of the Governing Classes in these His Majesty's Realms (including the King's Highway from Sandringham to Newmarket), and to utilize the same for the Purpose of Travel by Means of Self-propelled Vehicles without number." Furthermore, the definition given of an automobilist in this "Bill" is as follows: An automobilist shall be defined, for the purposes of this and other clauses, as a British citizen, whose wife, sister, or daughter has exhibited her portrait in the public press, either as seated in a car or as standing on a doorstep, attired as to her head in a shawl, woollen, silken, or cotton helmet, or other decent habiliment.

The perfect guide to motoring has yet to be written. Up to the present the best book upon the subject is the volume in the Badminton Library. Books on motoring, however good, will never teach much to the absolute beginner. There must be already some workshop knowledge before any use can be made of printed technical data. Two motor-books have just been issued: one, "The Motor-Book," by R. J. Mcreedy, appears to be very useful; the other, "Cars and How to Drive Them," would be of little use to any one unless well advanced in the subject. The ideal motor-book should, first of all, be free from any taint of trade advertisement, and in the motor world this is a very difficult thing at which to arrive. It should also tell, as far as possible, what cars to avoid, and of these there are many. It might also give a list of names for motors. A friend of mine calls his fast car "The Slug," another calls his "The Tortoise," and another "The Stormy Petrel." Again, much can be said about painting your car the right color. Avoid all shades of red. Dark green and yellow or dark green and black are the best colors. The wheels should be yellow and part of the body as well.

It would be a valuable feature in any such book if information could be given as to what are really the best inns on the various roads. A good inn is not a good inn if it cannot produce a meal at sight, and how few can do this! A large fortune could be made by a Lipton, for instance, by buying up half a dozen of the old hostelrys and putting tidy people therein to provide good plain food and homely accommodation, with cleanliness and comfort.

The books of the moment are "Virginia of the Rhodesians," by Cynthia Stockley, a book of much quaint and ingenious flippancy. "Pigs in Clover," by Frank Danby, which the *Times* says has too many pigs and too little clover; this reminds one of what a well-known animal painter recently declared, that pigs "were wonderfully like human beings in many ways, and, conversely, scores of human beings are like pigs in many ways." "The Composite Lady," by Thomas Cobb, is a bright and entertaining story. Maeterlinck's new play, "Joyzelle," will also be much read by the modern maiden, of whom I heard it said that

She ponders over Maeterlinck to cultivate her mind,

And studies Henrik Ibsen through and through; Meanwhile she knits her brows—it is the only kind

Of fancy work this modern maid can do.

A public which is getting a little weary of the wail from Cheyne Row may turn to some of the other excellent Memoirs which have just been issued. Lady Cork's "Orrery Papers" contain much that is valuable and readable relating to the Boyle family and their correspondents in the eighteenth century. Madame Waddington's volume, "Letters of a Diplomat's Wife," is also good reading in a much more recent period. The Poet-laureate's "Flodden Field" can hardly be reckoned a success, and Scotsmen ask in relation thereto, "Why stands Scotland idly now?" "A Heather-Scott" writes to say that he has written a melodrama in *thirteen* acts, entitled "Beaten at Bannockburn," and as "Flodden Field" is being withdrawn, he hopes for greater

success with this his counter-irritant play.

The new *Life of the Princess Lieven* by E. Daudet, entitled, "*Une Vie d'Ambassadrice*," contains probably the best if not the last word upon a woman who possessed extraordinary ability, with a genius for political intrigue, and, what often goes with great ability, she possessed a genius for love. Equally valuable are the "*Souvenirs sur Madame de Maintenon*," edited by Comte D'Haussonville and M. Gabriel Hanotaux. This is described as the official life of the enigmatical Marquise, and an important contribution to the memoirs of a woman who was once the most powerful woman in Europe. "*Stage Coach and Mail in Days of Yore*," by C. G. Harper, is a very readable guide to the great roads which are once more seeing signs of life and activity. "*King Edward and his Court*," by T. H. S. Escott, would be more interesting if it were more up to the present day. Mr. Escott once scored a great success by a volume very much up to date at the time, which he put forth anonymously, entitled "*Society in London*." There have been many changes since then, and if Mr. Escott could have produced a similar volume for the present day, he would have found a larger number of readers. "*The Life of Sir Henry Acland*," by Mr. Atlay, and "*The Life of Sir George Grove*," by Mr. C. L. Graves, are good biographies of men who had very large circles of friends, and whose lives were well worth recording. Chesterton's

little book upon Browning contains much excellent criticism of the poet's work, and it contains what is better, much good criticism of life in general. In commenting upon "*Pippa Passes*," which he describes as the greatest poem ever written, he says:

The love of those whom we do not know is quite as eternal a sentiment as the love of those whom we do know. In our friends the richness of life is proved to us by what we have gained; in the faces in the street the richness of life is proved to us by the hint of what we have lost. And this feeling for strange faces and strange lives, when it is felt keenly by a young man, almost always expresses itself in a desire after a kind of vagabond beneficence, a desire to go through the world scattering goodness like a capricious god.

That is well said.

A pretty little volume has just been issued with the rather attractive title of "*The Wisdom of the Foolish*." This is a tiny and cheap compendium of worldly wisdom which should find its way into many a boudoir. "Maritally speaking, time that is wasted in protest might be more effectively used in studying diplomacy." "In the Palace of Delight there are no clocks." "The woman of the world is most discreet; it is her understudy who is dangerous." "Refined women prefer to be loved by one man, yet there is something in nature feminine that responds to catholic admiration."

Your friend,
ARTHUR PENDENYS.

LONDON, July, 1903.



Books Reviewed—Fact and Fiction

When Mr. G. K. Chesterton's volume entitled "Twelve Types" appeared, a reviewer in the *Contemporary Review* wrote:

"Mr. Chesterton is, without doubt, one of the most brilliant and stimulating of our young critics. His fertility of ideas, his power of looking at familiar objects from a new point of view, his sheer cleverness, are amazing. But I do not see how he can ever become a really great force in criticism until he restrains his love of paradox within reasonable limits, and ceases to regard infallibility as his birth-right."

The passage characterizes precisely the style of Mr. Chesterton's new "Browning" in the "English Men of Letters" series. It fairly scintillates throughout; the reader is tickled and delighted, and only at the end awakes to a realization that the impressions which remain with him are impressions of Mr. Chesterton and not of Browning.† This is probably what the reviewer meant, only we should have expressed it differently. Paradox, epigram, even dogma, are not in themselves faulty; where one man will require a train of close reasoning in order to arrive at a conclusion and another will express his results in a chapter, another will perceive and express the conclusion in the flash of a single epigram; which is what Mr. Chesterton often does; as when he says of the age of Browning, "It was the age of inspired office boys," or of Browning, "He was a kind of cosmic detective who walked into the foulest of thieves' kitchens and accused men publicly of virtue." This snapshot style, however, sometimes leads him into error. For example, he says "If a man had asked him," that is, Browning, "which third cousin of Charlemagne was alluded to in 'Sordello,'" he could have given an account of the man and an account of his father and his grandfather. But if a man had asked him what he thought of himself, or what were his emotions an hour before his wedding, he would have replied with perfect sincerity that "God alone knew," whereas it has been shown by a recent critic that Browning was very inaccurate historically, but most careful in recording psychologic impressions.

Nevertheless, it is not the epigrammatic touches that mar Mr. Chesterton's book; although they frequently confuse such clear

logic as it may possess. His chief fault as a biographer or a critic, is his subjectiveness. We see Browning sometimes, but Mr. Chesterton always. But then, Mr. Chesterton himself is a man worth observing, so that we lose little in the end.

The work, itself, is not strictly biography; it is neither a dry array of facts, nor an attempt to treat Browning as a subject for history. It is a series of studies. Of such studies we might have expected a little more thorough scholarship, more objective information concerning Browning's life, and more comparison of the poet with his contemporaries with a view to establishing his place historically, as well as absolutely,—in short, a fuller book that can be compressed into about two hundred pages. Such exhaustive scholarship, however, is out of keeping with Mr. Chesterton's style, which deals rather with subjective opinions and keen analyses of the internal evidence of Browning's poems. When, however, we are reading Mr. Chesterton, we must take him in his own style; and this we are usually very glad to do.

JAMES E. ROUTH, Jr.

In this record of actual experiences, Myrta Lockett Avary has given us a very delightful little book.* The Introduction tells us that

A Vivid Picture of the history was confided over the teacups, and that the author's Civil War has but set down the words of the unconscious heroine. There must have been a rare charm and vividness in the storytelling, and a rare sympathy in the listening, for we have with the simplest means a very clear and fascinating picture of personalities and conditions in that interesting time.

It is no laborious historical novel. History is the background of very human, natural lives, and the most winning quality of the heroine is her irrepressible femininity, which ever asserts itself, whether she is dancing with her dashing young officers or travelling through flooded rivers in a creaky ambulance; or running the blockade to get a new uniform for her husband, or serving banquets of rice and dried apples to Southern officers, or waiting dry-eyed through days of fighting for news of her dear one. Always a courageous, and helpful, and cheerful wife, her cry when her handsome young husband leaves for the war

* "Robert Browning." By G. K. CHESTERTON. Macmillan Co. 75 cts.

* "A Virginia Girl in the Civil War." Edited by MYRTA LOCKETT AVARY. Appleton. \$1.20.

thrills with natural pain: "O Dan, Dan," I sobbed, "I don't want to be proud of you—I just don't want you to get hurt. I don't want fame or glory! I want you!"

There are vivid pictures of stately Virginia homes, so sympathetically and deftly drawn that we must feel their reality. Virginia hospitality "before the war" is familiar talk; but here the stately and beautiful hostess in black silk (much worn) and with fichu and cuffs of real old lace, the host in fine black broadcloth, the spindle-legged piano, brass fire-dogs, and tall wax candles, the great mahogany sideboard, and the "rich maroon and saffron of rare old china," are shown with the brilliancy and softness of a mellow painting, and the delicious meals the weary travellers get to eat, just when they are at the point of exhaustion, are as savory and comforting as even Dickens ever served his readers.

All this is in vivid contrast with the description of the delicate Virginia ladies crowded together in one room, cooking their own meals, doing their own laundry, and living on rice, peas, and dried apples. The sprightly heroine does not lose her sense of humor or her social instincts under these most dismal conditions. "I never remember having more fun in my life than at the Arlington, where sometimes we were hungry, and while the country up to our doors bristled with bayonets, and the air we breathed shook with the thunder of guns. For, hungry and shabby as we were, crowded into our one room with bags of rice and peas, firkins of butter, a ton of coal, a small wood-pile (under the bed), cooking utensils, and all of our personal property, we were not in despair." No, indeed, and with all this, they still found space in the room to fatten a chicken tied to the bed, and to give entertainments.

Dan and his dear little wife laugh and cry together, or apart, all through the war, and see it go against them, and live to be thankful.

"But for us—for Dan and me—we could almost as easily give up each other as those terrible beloved days. They are the very fibre of us."

A very sweet, sincere, and humorous little book.

GRACE E. MARTIN.

The land* coveted by two great world powers, Russia and Great Britain, is Persia. Despite the mutations of history in lands and continents around her, and while empires and

civilizations have come and gone, Persia has had a continuous history that reminds one of An Intrepid Traveller with eted, but though often conquered she has held her own, and a Lively Literary Style. perhaps her people are as pure blooded to-day and as characteristically Persian as when the Land of the Lion and the Sun was Rome's feared rival. To-day it is the desire of the Muscovites and the Britons to possess this ancient land so as to dominate the riches of India and the Asian seas.

For so restless a traveller as Mr. Landor, such a country was a lure, so, having seen China during the occupation of the Allies, and in the Forbidden City witnessed the triumph of the Occidentals and the humiliation of the Tartar, he wrote his book and then set out from Victoria Station for Calcutta overland. He crossed to Flushing by boat, took the express to Berlin, laughed inwardly at his fellow passengers, Frenchmen, when at the Russian frontier he, showing his permit from the Russian ambassador given him in London, passed safely the custom house, while the mulcted traders from Paris declared the Franco-Russian alliance a mistake. It is characteristic of Mr. Landor and his book to omit the table of contents but to give a full list of the illustrations, all of which means that he is picturesque in person, manner, literary style, and book-making. The two volumes are crowded with pictures and anecdotes. He tells a good deal that is interesting about Russia and Bokhara, and the curious kinds of people he met everywhere. He found animal life, from the microbe to the pilgrim, extraordinarily numerous, active, and varied. Every kind of vehicle and various sorts of traction animals seem to be used by him in his journey. He is especially strong in his description of whatever is picturesque, whether clean or dirty, human or bestial, bric-à-brac or architecture. He tells us about the native and foreign life in Teheran. The Persian Cossacks are drilled by Russian officers, but the British Legation is guarded by infantry soldiers. He describes Persian military life quite fully. On inquiring about the type and calibre of rifles used by the Shah's defenders, he was told to "make it plural, as plural as you can. They have every type under the sun." In discussing finance and other "indisputable facts," he shows that the Russians are steadily gaining prestige, but he does not seem to fear very much any present possibility of the invasion of India by Russia. He investigated farming,

* "Across Coveted Land." By A. HENRY SAVAUGH LANDOR. 2 vols. Illustrated. Scribner. \$7.50.

wrestling, and education. He analyzes the Persian temperament, character, and resources. Nearly the whole of the first volume is occupied with lively descriptions of things Persian, especially as seen in the large cities. Then in his journeys through the desert and sparsely settled regions, he pictures with pen and camera not only the sights of to-day, but dips into antiquity and makes interesting the story of the past.

The second volume, telling chiefly of his camel rides and marches from Kerman to Quetta, opens to our view not only the mountains and deserts of Persia but the phenomena of Afghanistan and Beluchistan. We become well acquainted with the ways of camels, the sight of domed roofs on the horizon, the fossils of nature and the fossils of civilization. The great hero Rustam becomes a familiar character. This part of the work is more lively through personal adventure, for often the daring traveller was in danger of death from thirst.

Suffice it to say, however, that, after manifold adventures with all sorts and conditions of mid-Asiatic men, horses, cats, camels, and bacteria, accompanied always by his pet kittens Kerman and Zeris, he finished a journey of over ten thousand miles, having been shown barbarity nowhere save in Calcutta. There three Englishmen, who had a grievance against Persians in general, attacked his servant and left him "dreadfully smashed up." The work is a notable addition to our knowledge of the debatable land between the possessions of Great Britain and Russia. The long narrative is relieved from tedium by the variety of episode, by the author's brilliant style, and by his remarkable power of seeing everything of possible interest.

W. E. GRIFFIS.

Whether it be due to the inherent charm of Irish character upon Irish soil or to the beguilement of Mr. MacManus' pen, these chapters* from the life of Dionysius, commonly known as Dinny, the "Lad of the O'Friels," are irresistible. It is an event, among a multitude of machine-made books, to come upon one with so strong an individual flavor. Not a perfunctory or mechanical sentence is to be found in it. Why has no name ever been given to the kind of book that is given over to the celebration of a small community? There

* "A Lad of the O'Friels." By SHUMAS MACMANUS. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.

is none that may be made to appeal so strongly, in the human sense; and, relieved of the burden of all conventional artifices, it is always one of the most reasonable and satisfactory of literary forms. This is, further, precisely the medium through which the gifts of such a writer as Mr. MacManus—a most pervasive humor, tenderness, poetic grace—best display themselves.

It is something in the spirit, though not in the least in the style, of Mr. Barrie, that Mr. MacManus has undertaken to describe the life of Knockagar. After a few chapters, the sympathetic reader becomes convinced that, in order to understand the spirit of the Irish peasantry, it is superfluous to read thick tomes or make solemn tours of investigation across the seas. One need only read this tale of Knockagar and its brave citizens: Corney Higarty, hero, ex-soldier, and pensioner of the Crown, of whom it is said "there was not in all Ireland, perhaps, any one more heartily willing than he to devote his income to blowing to smithereens the Empire that fee'd him," and on whose quarterly pension days "money was as plentiful as March wind and flowed freely as the Roe water," for Corney, on each of these occasions, drew two pounds eight and ninepence, which he lost no time in converting into "the many parcels that were . . . the wonder and mystery and fruitful source of speculation to the womankind of Knockagar"; excellent John Burns, popularly revered on the strength of his "great library of thirteen and a half books," of which its owner's favorites were the "Life of St. Mary of Aigypyt" and the "Seven Champi'ns of Chrissendom"; Toal-a-Gallagher, the shoemaker, around "whose work-bench and big three-foot candlestick and candle the affairs of both the nation and Knockagar were nightly discussed"; and Master Whorisky, most tolerant of schoolmasters. It will be seen that these highly individual folk, while poor, were far from a sordid or material-minded community, being indeed almost intemperately given to the cultivation of ideal passions. Religion, the glory of Ireland, learning, and feminine goodness were sacredly regarded; while the fairies, the "wee people," came in for a generous share of consideration,—sceptics on this point being dismissed as "not larned enough to know their own ignorance."

An engaging narrative is that of Dinny's visit to the Harvest Fair of Glenties, where the gallant lad's fortune of three pennies was spent in ribbons for the young woman of his

adoration and ballads that sonorously extolled Dan O'Connell and the "immortal Boneypart." Dinny's modest adventures should not be read hastily; they are for deliberate enjoyment.

OLIVIA H. DUNBAR.

Miss Wilkins may know her own New England no more intimately now than when she first so successfully celebrated it. But it is plain that she has grown to look upon it a little differently; more tenderly,—almost, as it were, more maternally; and though her comedy was always of the kind that is near to pathos, she seems now more than ever to smile through tears of sympathy at her own most delicious creations. Such, at least, is the impression produced by her two latest books,* which contain, in all, twelve remarkable short stories. Inevitably, these books stimulate the wish that Miss Wilkins, who is a good novelist, but a great writer of short stories, should continue to practise the latter art to the end of her days. For the present, these two unpretending volumes may well be a matter of national pride; we have surely nothing more individual, nothing we could exhibit with fewer reservations.

If Mr. Peter Newell, whose unquestioned talents are of distinctly another order, had not been permitted to illustrate it, "The Wind in the Rose-Bush" would be a volume to cherish. The title story is a masterpiece of insight, significance, controlled imagination. Although, like the remaining five stories in the book, it is a ghost story, it seems almost to vulgarize it to call it so, with such masterly plausibility is the ghostly related to the human. Miss Wilkins has never been one to make use of hackneyed tools; yet a striking feature of these tales of the supernatural is the complete avoidance of the conventional vocabulary of horror. Miss Wilkins's ghosts do not require a dark and musty milieu; and by the unexpectedness of their introduction into familiar, sunlit, domestic scenes, she secures an intensity of effect that the well-worn machinery of ghost-literature could never compass.

"The Wind in the Rose-Bush." By MARY E. WILKINS. Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.

*"Six Trees." By MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN. Harper, \$1.50.

Nor would any less unconventional writer than Miss Wilkins have bethought himself to assign such fitting individualities to these by no means passive apparitions; or to replace the sinister criminal of tradition with such bland and cheerful substitutes as figure in "The Shadows on the Wall" and "The Wind in the Rose-Bush." Nothing could be more uncannily appropriate than that the ghost of malicious Aunt Harriet, who haunted the "south-west chamber," should have been given to petty, teasing tricks, like snatching bodices and brooches. It is the pastime of the little "lost ghost," overworked during its baby lifetime, to glide pathetically about the house in search of clothes to put away or dishes to wash.

The "Tree" stories show not only a similarly penetrative imagination, but a poetic view with which Miss Wilkins is not always credited, though it is not new in her. It is some time since she wrote her studies of women who resembled flowers.

In the present stories, she has written of men and women who are not only like certain trees, but whose characters and careers are, in an indescribably subtle way, bound up in the life of the trees. The connection is not an idle or fantastic one. It does not require an exceptional vision to perceive that trees have character; to Miss Wilkins they have even gender. There is supreme pathos in "The Elm Tree." "The Lombardy Poplar" is a comedy full of delightful Wilkins touches. "The Apple Tree" is a particularly successful bit of symbolism. It is a proof of the author's high originality that these stories cannot easily be classified. And it is further proof of the vitality of both series that they would be easily susceptible of translation into another language. Their meaning is independent of idiom or setting.

One reason for the satisfaction which these stories give is that the author's verbal art has developed with her creative ability. Her style has lost none of its simplicity, but has sloughed off the carelessness that used to offend her critics and has advanced markedly in point and finish.

O. H. D.



The Book-Buyer's Guide

The reviews in this department of THE CRITIC, though short, are not perfunctory. They are as carefully written as though they appeared in the body of the magazine. Books on special subjects are sent to specialists, and often as many as a dozen different writers review the various books. Among those who contribute regularly are Cornelia Atwood Pratt, Rev. Charles James Wood, Prof. N. S. Shaler, Admiral S. B. Luce, Fennette Barbour Perry, Christian Brinton, Ruth Putnam, P. G. Hubert, Fr., Carolyn Shipman, Edith M. Thomas, Dr. William Elliot Griffis, and the editor.

BELLES-LETTRES

Dobell—Sidelights on Charles Lamb. By Bertram Dobell. Published by the Author. Imported by Scribner. \$2.00.

No lover of the gentle Elia is willing to lose a line that he ever wrote or a word that he ever uttered; therefore, this book, though it contains little that is of remarkable value, is nevertheless welcome for the fugitive pieces and scattered reminiscences that Mr. Dobell has enthusiastically gathered for his own delectation and ours. The material fills a volume of nearly four hundred pages, and every scrap of it will be of interest to all true Elia.

Gayley—Representative English Comedies: From the Beginnings to Shakespeare. Edited by Professor Charles M. Gayley, of the University of California. Macmillan. \$1.50.

A volume for which all teachers, students, and readers of our early dramatic literature should be grateful. A scholarly historical introduction of eighty pages is followed by one or more comedies from Heywood, Udall ("Roister Doister"), Stevenson ("Gammer Gurton's Needle"), Lyly, Peele, Robert Greene, and Henry Porter; each prefaced by a critical essay by Professor Gayley or some other English or American scholar. The text of the plays is from the best originals in the old spelling and language. An essay on "Shakespeare as a Comic Dramatist," by Professor Dowden, is added. A full index of twenty-four pages completes the book of about eight hundred pages.

Hutton—Literary Landmarks of Oxford. By Laurence Hutton. Scribner. \$1.20.

The author's former volumes of "Literary Landmarks" are favorite companions with cultivated tourists, and no less esteemed for "fireside travel" by stay-at-homes. This is one of the best of the series, and is made more attractive than its predecessors by Herbert Railton's dainty illustrations.

Stevenson—Memories and Portraits. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Herbert B. Turner & Co. \$1.00.

In this new edition of a modern classic an early essay of Stevenson's, "The Philosophy of Umbrellas," has been substituted for "The Manse." The little book, which is of a shape

to be a very convenient *vade mecum* for the devoted Stevensonian, is embellished with an interesting sketch of the author by J. W. Alexander and with various excellent photographs, including one of the rugged elder Stevenson and one of R. L. S.'s dignified, handsome mother. Of the delectable matter of the essays, it is unnecessary to say anything new.

BIOGRAPHY

Curtis—The True Abraham Lincoln. By William E. Curtis. Lippincott. \$2.00 net.

A careful study of Lincoln as a man, a lawyer, an orator, a politician, a President, a writer, philosopher, and moralist, with much personal and anecdotal matter from authoritative sources. It is fully illustrated, mostly with portraits, including seven of Lincoln himself.

Darwin—More Letters of Charles Darwin. Edited by Francis Darwin. 2 vols. Appleton. \$5.00 net.

One would hardly have believed that, after the "Life and Letters" published in 1887, two stout volumes of about five hundred pages each could be filled with additional letters by Darwin to eminent scientists, like Galton, Huxley, Lyell, Owen, Playfair, and others; with many to John Morley, Max Müller, and scores of other people more or less distinguished in literary, political, and social circles. The index to the collection fills sixty double-columned pages. The illustrations are photographic portraits of Darwin and his relatives and friends.

Dixon—William Penn, Founder of Philadelphia. By W. Hepworth Dixon. New Amsterdam Book Co. \$1.00.

A thoroughly revised edition of the biography published twenty-one years ago, making it a "substantially new book." A supplementary chapter fully refutes Macaulay's charges against Penn, some of which he afterward modified but never wholly withdrew.

Lawrence—Phillips Brooks. A Study. By William Lawrence, D.D. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 50 cts.

The present Bishop of Massachusetts has set his hand to eulogize his predecessor. This result is somewhat disappointing, whether from lack of perspective or because of the

mass of the object viewed. There are one or two sides of Dr. Brooks's character that William Lawrence understands. Possibly that is all we could expect. Bishop Lawrence himself belongs to a wholly distinct type. In a broad sense, no interpretation could be expected from this pen, however partial its point. That Phillips Brooks had his limitations and defects it would be heresy to hint. He is dead and his memory is rightly revered.

Lecky—Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland. By William Edward H. Lecky. Longmans. \$4.00.

A strange fate has been that of these volumes now appearing in a new edition. The lives of Flood, Grattan, and O'Connell, composing the substance, were written when Mr. Lecky was but twenty-three. The book fell absolutely flat. Only about thirty copies were sold and the remainder were destroyed. Later, when another book brought the author before the public, he attempted to revive his maiden effort—as he was really desirous to inform England about the history of her sister island. In spite of the moment being favorable, again there was no success for his book. Not until Mr. Gladstone introduced the Home Rule scheme did it have any life. Then it suddenly sprang into notice as being the one authority on Ireland's immediate past. It still is, but it must be confessed that it is singularly hard reading. The close discussion of intimate intricacies of Irish politics is very hard to follow and lacks perspective.

Pemberton—The Life of Bret Harte. By T. Edgar Pemberton. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$3.50 net.

The authorized biography, for which the Harte family furnished all available material and information, which has been skillfully arranged and presented by the author. Harte's boyhood, his adventures and struggles after going to the West when seventeen years old, his Bohemian life in San Francisco, his gradual winning of literary reputation, his consulship abroad, and his later life and work are vividly depicted. The book is well illustrated, and has a full biography and a capital index.

Waddington—Letters of a Diplomat's Wife, 1883-1900. By Mary King Waddington. Scribner. \$2.50.

A thoroughly entertaining book by a lady of American birth who became the wife of M. Waddington, the French statesman and diplomat. The letters are bright and vivacious, but were evidently written with no thought of publication. They give inside glimpses of high life in Russia, Austria, England, and elsewhere in Europe, and introduce many noted men and women, of whom portraits are added among the illustrations.

FICTION

Barr—Thyra Varrick. By Amelia E. Barr. Taylor & Co. \$1.50.

This romance of an Orkney fisherman's daughter in the time of "Prince Charlie" may be read with some interest as a type of an

altogether outgrown school of fiction. It is the kind of book one looks to find in the attic, left over from another generation; there is no discernible link to bind it to the literature of our own day, although, of its kind, it is competent. The deflection of Hector Macdonald, the inconstant Scot, from his earlier allegiance is surely explicable on the ground of Thyra Varrick's appearance. "Her face was oval in form, her features perfect, her complexion beyond expression delicate and lovely. Her eyes were deeply violet in color, mysterious, fascinating, and shaded by long lashes; and her mouth, shaped like Cupid's bow, was rosy, smiling, and tender."

Carryl—The Lieutenant Governor. By Guy Wetmore Carryl. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00.

This strong story is a paraphrase of a recent incident in the history of one of our States. Love and politics are mingled with the difficulties of the industrial system. Barclay, the Lieutenant Governor, has the State for his religion. At any rate, he recognizes no higher god. Abbot may be Altgeld or some other governor-obnoxious to the author, and is held up as a hypocrite to the contempt of the world. The book is stirring and vigorously penned.

Daskam—Middle-Aged Love Stories. By Josephine Daskam. Scribner. \$1.25.

These seven stories are full of the humor that is Miss Daskam's abundant gift. The competent workmanship and the sprightly entertainment are precisely what one has learned to look for and to enjoy. The book does not rank, however, with her best work. The idea in each story is more hackneyed and conventional than one would expect to find in so capable a writer. Such a story as "Julia the Apostate," amusing as it is, can hardly be called original. Perhaps the most fresh and sincere of the collection is the tale called "Mrs. Dud's Sister." But—why should the book be tagged with so meaningless and irritating a title?

Dudenay—Robin Brilliant. By Mrs. Henry Dudenay. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

Here we have a lengthy and scrupulously minute account of a certain love affair, which died of its own tediousness and left the maiden all forlorn. She was a fine girl but a trifle permicketty, and her lover would n't wait forever, so he married the daughter of his former boarding-house "Missus." There are some good pictures of English scenery and of carls and villains, who are quaint, if not grotesque. Altogether a proper, respectable novel and plenty of it.

Forman—Journey's End. By Justus Miles Forman. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.

This is one of those love stories of an Englishman who comes to his title and estates after having to work for his living in America. He writes a successful play which is stolen and recovered. He has a love in England who could n't marry him poor, and he falls in love

with the leading lady in the production of his own play, the story closing with leaving the reader in tantalizing doubt as to which the hero marries. As to the rest, the story trots at a pretty neat pace from start to finish.

Greaves—Brewster's Millions. By Richard Greaves. Stone. \$1.50.

First of all this tale is diverting. In the vein of Henry James and George Meredith it certainly is not, yet notwithstanding its lack of varnish the book is good for summer holidays and light reading. Brewster's grandfather had left him a million, but because he had not approved of the marriage of Brewster's parents, the late mother's brother left Brewster seven millions upon condition that Brewster spend within the year that million from the grandfather, whom the uncle did not forgive. Brewster had difficulty in spending a million so as to have no assets at the end of the year. There is a bit of love to spice the pages, which we recommend.

Haggard—Pearl-Maiden. By H. Rider Haggard. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.50.

With notable courage the author of "She" disregards a legion of precedents and once more takes us back to the time of Roman tyrants and Christian martyrs. Almost five hundred pages are occupied with the eventful love story of a Christian girl and a Roman soldier. It is unfortunate that this kind of material has become so familiar; otherwise the Pearl-Maiden's experiences might make a deeper impression.

Harben—The Substitute. By Will N. Harben. Harper. \$1.50.

There is nothing of the amateur about Mr. Harben's work. It is full of energy and fresh in its conceits, thoroughly virile without being coarse or even rough. The basis of the idea is that one, who in a fit of blind fury, kills a worthless creature, spends his after life in a torture of remorse, and endeavors to make reparation by rearing a fine young man. The pathos of repentance is mingled with a love passage, and the grotesqueness of Georgia life lights up the scenes.

Hardy—His Daughter First. By Arthur Sherburne Hardy. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

Mr. Hardy's new book is a disappointment. Its uninspired quality may be gathered from the fact that it is almost as much of an effort to associate the various characters with their names at the end of the book as it is at the beginning. As a picture of the life of the well-bred, well-to-do leisure class which it purports to be, the book is inadequate; it must be confessed that "Mabel Temple" is a sorry specimen of gentility. One reads the book patiently through in search of a climax or pivot of interest, and finds none; under what circumstances can Mr. Hardy, who has done better things, have conceived so wooden a group of characters, and why was he led to suppose that any reader would ever care what became of them?

Kenton—What Manner of Man. By Edna Kenton. Bowen-Merrill Co. \$1.50.

This is a fiendish story, the work of a master hand. Kirke Thayer, the artist, has no manifest vices, but is profoundly corrupt and consequently cruel. He marries an utterly innocent and unsophisticated child from some remote island in order to use her as a model in some unspeakable picture. The shock and shame kill Chloë, and convert the artist. It is not a good story, but it is admirably told.

Lawson—From the Unvarying Star. By Elsworth Lawson. Macmillan. \$1.50.

Whoso desires an English love story adorned with red-light effects of melodrama will cherish this book. The title is obscure, being drawn from Maeterlinck, "Yet shall the woman we elect always have come straight to us from the unvarying star." To pass an hour, to forget labor and care, to tipple mentally, this book will serve as well as any, better than some. Its decent mediocrity is perfect.

Liljencrantz—The Ward of King Canute. By Otilie A. Liljencrantz. McClurg. \$1.50.

Readers of "The Thrall of Lief the Lucky," by the same author, will know what to expect of this novel. The style is borrowed from the sagas, modernized enough for the average taste, and the topic is taken from saga period. While not so archaic as the saga tales of William Morris, this lacks the literary beauty which from time to time glitters on Morris's pages. In this story Randalin, a Danish girl disguised as a boy, serves King Canute as a page. Following this comes much romance garnished with sentiment, together with pictures and quaintly devised initial letters by the Kinneys. Acquaintances of "The Thrall of Lief the Lucky" were introduced to the enchanting quality of the Kinneys' art. After all, for an historical romance which has difficulty to keep from being unreal, this is a fair sample of the higher order.

Mitchell—A Comedy of Conscience. By S. Weir Mitchell. Century Co. \$1.00.

It would be unfair to betray the plot of Dr. Mitchell's eminently readable little comedy, which is whimsically conceived and ingeniously developed without the use of a word too much. The "New England conscience" was never the theme of an airier bit of literature. The owner of the conscience, sweet, leisurely, and not too acute Serena Vernon, who did not hesitate to take a trip to the city "to buy chocolate bonbons for dessert," reminds one of Mr. Howells's favorite type. As a half-hour's respite from the more serious concerns of literature and of life, Serena will serve admirably.

Older—The Socialist and the Prince. By Mrs. Fremont Older. Funk & Wagnalls. \$1.50.

Not without some parts of power, but, upon the whole, crude and flashy, is this story of California and Italy. Theodosia is a petulant and undisciplined character, somewhat sadly lacking in breeding and innate refinement.

"The Socialist" is poor stuff, and in real life would not be a leader of men. The Prince Ruspoli is a dream. The *dénouement* is dramatic and strong. With a more chastened mind and style the author ought to produce good work. The material is there and wants culture.

Roberts—Earth's Enigmas. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Page & Co. \$1.50.

Mr. Roberts is a poet even when he writes in prose, and never so much so as when he writes of the secrets of the forests and of the ways of wild creatures. None of the impressionistic school of naturalists can tell a more enthralling tale than he. The stories that make up the present collection were first published eight years ago, with the exception of three which now appear for the first time. Mr. Roberts's rich and vivid prose makes all the stories well worth reading; but because of their genuinely dramatic motifs and sincere treatment those stories of animals which give significance to the title of the book are more admirable than the others.

Smith—The Under Dog. By F. Hopkinson Smith. Scribner. \$1.50.

As is his custom, Mr. Smith bounds airily, in this volume of short stories, from Kentucky to the Thames, from Paris to New Hampshire. In each place he has found, and invested with something more than picturesqueness, that familiar unfortunate, the "under dog,"—the victim, as the case may be, of law, convention, environment, race, or society. The "under dog" has been celebrated before, but not always with such vivid art or by so eloquent a champion. Especially to be remarked are the three stories grouped under the heading, "No Respector of Persons."

Stockton—The Captain's Toll-Gate. By Frank R. Stockton. Appleton. \$1.50.

A peculiar and pathetic interest attaches to Mr. Stockton's recently published novel, which was, however, as Mrs. Stockton remarks in her prefatory memoir, written previous to "Kate Bonnet." But if anything could relieve the melancholy occasioned by a well-loved writer's death, it is contact with precisely such a book as this. Half-way between burlesque and reality, it may be depended upon for that intellectual delight which only pure, undiluted humor can give. And it should be a universal delight. Olive Asher and her suitors, Maria Port and Miss Raleigh are not local in their appeal. Of course Stockton's humor is indefinable; and, also of course, it has not, at this stage, to be defined. The volume contains a portrait of the author, photographs of his latest home, an admirable memoir, and a bibliography.

Townsend—A Summer in New York. By Edward W. Townsend. Holt. \$1.25.

Mr. Townsend in this book maintains his record. It is clever and entertaining, every page. The story is told in letters of a breezy Western girl to her sister at home. Mr. Townsend is ingenious in going just to the

edge of the precipice of chic without falling over into the vulgar. We congratulate him on this vivacious and good-natured tale.

Trumbull—Life's Common Way. By Annie Eliot Trumbull. Barnes & Co. \$1.50.

Let no one be prejudiced against this book because the author calls herself "Annie." The story is a study of woman by one who has seen a woman. Many wise and witty things are said by the New England people who pace through these pages. The result is a depressing feeling in the face of twentieth-century life. The new woman marries unwisely, and becomes fractious, driving her husband to dissipation or speculation, or, what is worse, to politics. How wise are the epigrams of these women of Annie Eliot Trumbull's! Yet they blunder, like less sophisticated sisters of Os-kosh and Painted Post. While not so subtle in an analytical way as Mr. James, Annie Eliot Trumbull sees far enough beneath the surface of life and character for any practical purpose. Taken as a whole, the book is well worth writing, and equally worth reading. It enlarges knowledge of human motives and sentiment.

Tyson—The Stirrup Cup. By J. Aubrey Tyson. Appleton. \$1.25.

The love story of Aaron Burr and Theodosia Prevost is the theme of this "novelette de luxe." In that it is fairly free from padding, and moves briskly along, the story compares favorably with many others of its kind. It has as much individuality and as few absurdities as can be looked for in any purely artificial story.

White—Conjuror's House. By Stewart Edward White. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.

Conjuror's House was the dwelling of Galen Albret, dictator of a Hudson Bay trading post. Here centred the rapidly developed romance of the dictator's daughter and the adventurous Ned Trent. The story has the close-knit plot, the broadly sketched effectiveness, the succession of climaxes, affected by novelists who write in the hope of being dramatized. It lacks even an attempt at penetration of character. On the other hand, there are descriptive "passages" of beauty and poetic value. At present, Mr. White shows a disposition to be picturesque and dramatic at any cost. At times he is both; at others he overreaches his purpose.

Wilson—A Rose of Normandy. By William R. A. Wilson. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.

This is an easily read story of the Stanley Weyman school. The scene is laid in Paris and afterward in Canada; the period is the reign of Louis XIV. Needless to describe the love, adventure, dastardly intrigue, and villainy. Hundreds of such books are now being turned out of the mill and they serve perfectly the purpose of whiling away a few summer-holiday hours.

HISTORY

Adams and Trent—History of the United States.

By Charles K. Adams and William P. Trent. Allyn & Bacon. \$1.50.

A book bearing the name of the late ex-president of Cornell and the well-known English professor at Columbia, ought to be of more than average merit, as examination shows that it is. We believe that its thoroughly fair treatment of the Civil War will commend it to teachers in the South as well as in the North; and it is equally impartial in dealing with Colonial and Revolutionary periods, as our British cousins will admit.

Creighton—Historical Essays and Reviews.

By Mandell Creighton. Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.00.

These essays are a welcome reprint of various bits of historical work by the late Bishop of London, a man who so securely held his place among the excellent modern English historians that no detailed commendation of them is necessary for people who have followed the progress of this school. The subjects are preponderatingly Italian, and deal with somewhat out-of-the-way provinces of history, especially when they give the results of his patient researches as Canon of Worcester into the early annals of that see in "The Italian Bishops of Worcester." Others deal with the Renaissance period, that inexhaustible mine of fascinating character-studies, and give us the story of a learned lady, Olympia Morata, and of a typical humanist schoolmaster, Vittorino da Feltre. There is a very readable sketch of Pope Pius II., better known as Æneas Sylvius; and a long and thoughtful essay on Dante, the only subject in which he has had many predecessors, but one in which they have left him not a little to say that was worth saying. In his descriptions of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Harvard and of the imperial coronation at Moscow, he boldly enters Mr. Davis's field; but there is room here, too, for his point of view.

Lane-Poole—The Story of the Nations. Mediæval India under Mohammedan Rule.

By Stanley Lane-Poole. Putnam. \$1.35.

No English-speaking Occidental, we imagine, is better fitted to write of Mediæval India than the Professor of Arabic at Trinity College, Dublin. Recognizing the limitations of his fellow-vernaculars, he spares his readers the use of the Mohammedan names belonging to the various dynasties and relegates them to an appendix. There one can consult what are little more than shadows to most of us and study the correct chronology, both according to the Hegira and the Annus Domini. Mediæval India began when the Arabs conquered Sind, which was in the same year as the committing to writing of the island traditions of the people from whom, as some think, sprung Genghis Khan, who was to lead the Mongols westward to India, where they were called Moguls. It is this third division of Professor Lane-Poole's work which is the most interesting part of the book. In spite of the unquestionable scholarship of the author, the

first half of this story seems more or less full of shadows to one who is not versed in the lore of the East. But the Mogul Empire, from 1526 to 1764, full of life, movement, and color, is in itself interesting, and the pages warm under the pen of the author, and become fascinating. In the seventeenth century travelling Englishmen learn of the great tolerant Mogul, visit him and bring back stories of the high civilization and the freedom of religion in India. The wonderful reforms, the profound faith, the amazing energy, and the brilliant accomplishments of Akbar, and the pure life of Aurangzib, the Puritan Mogul, are finely described. As we read, we realize afresh the intensity of the faith and the profoundness of the religious convictions out of which sprang the mosques, minars, and jewel-like architecture, even as the white lotus grows out of the soil. The influence of Christian art on the later Mogul civilization and its masterpieces is ably handled by the author, who thinks, with Fergusson, that the checkered pavement, on which Akbar is said to have played his games of living chess, with slave girls as pieces, is without one touch of extravagance or false taste. Like the other books in this excellent series, the equipment for the student in illustrations, indexes, etc., is all that could be desired.

MISCELLANEOUS

Bingham—The Philadelphians. By Katharine Bingham. Page & Co. \$1.25.

Sketches of Philadelphia life and society in a framework of fiction, by a New York woman who becomes a resident there and does not find the Quaker city so "slow" as it is generally represented; though she enjoys an occasional "opportunity to breathe the bracing air of Broadway" and provide herself "with garments in the latest New York styles." The book is illustrated with local views from photographs.

Du Bois—The Souls of Black Folks. By W. E. Burghardt Du Bois. McClurg & Co. \$1.20.

It is difficult to conceive of a reader who would not find this book interesting. The essays and sketches of which it is composed discuss every phase of the "negro problem" from the—it must be confessed—unusual standpoint of a brilliantly endowed member of the problematic race who is of Northern birth, sensitive temperament, and who has had exceptional advantages of education and cultivation. Mr. Du Bois makes his points impressively, for he writes sincerely and with deep feeling; also with considerable poetic beauty of expression, marred only by an occasional burst of rhetorical extravagance. He blinks at nothing; yet the burden of his argument is always more education for the negro. Doubtless the chapter upon which popular interest will soonest alight is that wherein Mr. Du Bois criticises what he considers Mr. Booker Washington's policy of conciliation and his over-emphasis of industrial education for his race.

Earle—Sun-Dials and Roses of Yesterday. By Alice Morse Earle. Macmillan. \$2.50.
Mrs. Earle's devout antiquarianism has pro-

duced nothing so irresistible as her newest volume, pertinently published in this, the outdoor age of literature. Airily sentimental "garden-books" may come and go; but so substantial a compendium as this, so modest yet so adequate in its erudition, has a value and a charm that deserve a classic permanency. As Mrs. Earle points out, the sun-dial is one of those "simple expressions of usefulness" that, like the ancient Greek lamp and the Indian canoe, possess an unchangeable beauty through their exquisitely perfect adaptation. From the wealth of sentiment and tradition that has clustered about the sun-dial, Mrs. Earle has judiciously drawn, and has further enriched her volume with many photographs of ancient and modern dials. The chapters on roses, that single other "garden delight" that is superior to time and change, is also delightfully complete. The art of garden-making should profit æsthetically and scientifically from this book.

Lavignac—Musical Education. By Albert Lavignac. Translated by Esther Singleton. Appleton. \$2.00.

Nothing could be more practical and specific than these chapters of advice upon a subject in regard to which it is particularly easy to issue vague generalities. As Dean of the French Conservatoire, with many years of experience and observation behind him, Professor Lavignac's opinions naturally command attention. The range of his audience is indicated by the very considerable field he has covered, including musical education in general—which he thinks should begin in infancy—the study of instruments, of singing, of the science of composing, the advantages of individual and of conservatory instruction, and—which should be particularly valuable—advice as to rectifying a wrong musical education. The book is informal, personal, emphatic in tone, rather than didactic and over-technical, and ought therefore to be very generally readable.

Royce—Outlines of Psychology. By Josiah Royce. Macmillan. \$1.00.

Professor Royce has addressed "a serious reader, but not one trained either in experimental methods or in philosophical inquiries." Such a reader will be gratified to find no parade of technical language, but a readily intelligible book, abundant in instances of what may be called applied psychology. It neither propounds nor invites theory, but it summarizes, for the practical help of teachers and others, what is actually known of the elusive phenomena of the mental life. Professor Royce has adapted his difficult subject so that it is clear and suggestive to the untechnical reader. The book is enrolled in the "Teachers' Professional Library" and is edited by President Nicholas Murray Butler.

Schierbrand—The Kaiser's Speeches. Translated and edited by Wolf von Schierbrand. Harper. \$2.50 net.

The line of Hohenzollern monarchs contains many striking figures, but none more so than the present Emperor. It is too early to judge if his eccentricity is accompanied by the enduring greatness of Frederick II., or merely by

the general efficiency of Frederick William I., the father of the famous grenadier regiment. As the Kaiser is decidedly the most interesting of ruling monarchs, this book will find an eager public waiting for it. This public will, justifiably, be somewhat disappointed with the way the editorial work has been done. The collection is based on Klausmann's recent compilation, to which have been added some speeches that, for obvious reasons, did not appear in the official collection published in Germany. It is a matter for regret that von Schierbrand divided the Emperor's activity into sections, and chose excerpts from his speeches to illustrate his attitude towards the fundamental questions of peace and war, education, the army, the navy, commerce, etc. Thus, the speeches are not printed in full, and often part of a speech appears in one section of the book, part in another. Then, again, there are some curious omissions; we have looked in vain for those characteristic speeches in which the Kaiser enunciated the *jure divino* nature of the monarchy, and finally, but not least, the absence of an index is inexcusable.

POETRY AND VERSE

Le Gallienne—Perseus and Andromeda: The Story Retold. By Richard Le Gallienne. Russell. \$1.40 net.

Mr. Le Gallienne has given us, by drawing freely from Ovid, and in a small measure from Lucian and Hesiod, and by fusing the whole at his own forge, a very readable version of the Perseus and Andromeda myths. The illustrations are from well-known works of art.

McDonald—Summer Songs in Idleness. By Katherine H. McDonald. Badger. 75 cts. Frequently a book's title may be found more definitive of its contents than was dreamt of in the author's philosophy. This one word, "Idleness" (especially, the archaic spelling), is thus quite significant of mood and outcome, as regards the verses here gathered.

MacManus—The Four Winds of Eirinn. By Anna MacManus ("Ethna Carbury"). Edited by Seumas Mac Manus. M. H. Gill & Son, Dublin. 2/.

In the most touching preface to this solitary and unique volume of verse, we are told, of its author, that "from childhood till the closing hour, every fibre of her frame vibrated with love of Ireland." The vibration is as indubitably to all the wandering airs of Poesy, and the vocation of song would just as surely have been hers, in whatever land or time had occurred the accident of birth. A sadness, as for the world's loss, in song that-might-have-been, overtakes one, after listening to the delicate and haunting strains this now silenced hand evoked from the Celtic harp. Here are the themes dear to the Muse of Yeats and others, recent exponents of Celtic legend, but all touched into a "Wonder-Music" of her own. For, whether she sings of the Land of Perpetual Youth, of "I-Breasil," of the Sidhe and their fatal enchantments, of "The Love-Talker," or of "The Four Places of Sorrow," there is an impassioned, almost a personal, note that continues, to the echo of

an echo, within the reader's heart. Such, in the realm of folk-lore, is heard in "The Well o' The World's End."

Rice—Charles di Tocca. By Cale Young Rice. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.25.

Among the various experiments at the renaissance of fifteenth-century drama which have followed that of Stephen Phillip's "Francesca," we may reckon this work by Mr. Rice. The scene is laid in the island of Leukadia; the heroine is a later Sappho, who, in despair at the coil woven round her by the contending passions of Antonio and his ducal father, leaps from the ancient cliff of tragic romance, her example being promptly followed by her chosen Antonio. Here and there are passages which reveal some dramatic feeling in the author, some deftness in the handling of blank verse; but even as we say this we are discouraged by the outcropping of crudity and turgescence, as in the following:

"Now will you have me mouth and foam and thresh

The quiet in me to a maelstrom!"

or as in this more solid warning,

"Why! there may slip

An avalanche of raging and despair
Out of me!"

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY

Mortimer—The Creeds. An Historical and Doctrinal Exposition of the Apostles', Nicene, and Athanasian Creeds. By the Rev. Alfred G. Mortimer. Longmans. \$1.40.

We are glad to commend to our readers this work of Dr. Mortimer's, for its scholarship, clearness, and frankness. In these qualities the book excels. The author's point of view is not uncritical but determinedly conservative and orthodox. The treatise itself is divided into three parts; first, history; second, exposition; and third, appendices, containing documents relating to the creed. The work is an admirable one of its kind.

Sedgwick—Man's Position in the Universe: A Rough Survey. By W. Sedgwick. George Allen. \$1.50.

This is an argument by analogy, but the author's theories in Physics are rather abstruse and unfamiliar. We cannot pretend to pronounce upon his argument drawn from the history of the conflict of molecules and atoms. Likewise his assumption in regard to passages in the Bible and his theology are not always to our mind true and self-evident. However, after laboriously reading this book we remain a believer in the immortality of man, that is, of many men.

TRAVEL

Bacon—Literary Pilgrims in New England. By Edwin M. Bacon. Silver, Burdett & Co. \$2.00.

A book which comes out in happy time to be a guide to the thousands of teachers who will attend the national gathering in Boston this summer, as well as to other thousands, whether natives or visitors, who have an interest in the literary associations of New England. The au-

thor has evidently gone over the ground thoroughly and tells the story agreeably, adding copious illustrations, — portraits, residences, historical buildings, monuments, etc.

Carter—Some Byways of California. By Charles F. Carter. The Grafton Press. \$1.25 net.

An artist's account of journeyings in portions of Southern California comparatively new to the travelling public, and little known to those who have long been residents in other parts of the State, yet rich in history and charming in scenery.

Churchill—Samoa 'Uma, Where Life is Different. By Llewella P. Churchill. Forest & Stream Pub. Co. \$1.50.

The title means "All Samoa," and the book gives many characteristic views of the life of the natives and of the small colony of white people settled among the Christianized savages. The copious illustrations are from photographs of the people and the scenery.

Keeler—San Francisco and Thereabout. By Charles Keeler. Published by the California Promotion Committee. \$2.00.

Sketching the great Pacific city from the time of the old Spanish missions, through the pioneer period of '49, down to the present day; with biographical notices of men eminent in its history and growth, descriptions of its buildings, institutions, and scenic surroundings, Chinatown and the Spanish quarter, etc.; and a prophetic glance at the probable future of the city, industrially, commercially, and from an artistic and literary point of view.

Willard—The Land of the Latins. By Ashton Rollins Willard. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.40.

There is nothing remarkable about this book. It is a decent record made by a traveller of contemporary Italian life and customs. Mr. Willard tells about the King, the Pope, and other notable officials, likewise about studios and bookshops. He chats of Verga, De Angelis, and Dusé, and the book is adorned with some pretty and some interesting pictures.

Zimmerman—Spain and her People. By Jeremiah Zimmerman, LL.D. Jacobs & Co. \$2.00.

One of the best recent books on a country that has not been so much written about as most parts of Europe, and which is now coming to have a new interest from our recent political relations with it. The author has been a careful observer of the land and of the people, and incidentally corrects not a few errors concerning life and travel in Spain into which less careful and conscientious writers have fallen. Besides his description of the cities and scenery he saw, he gives us much historical information concerning the Inquisition, the expulsion of the Jews, and of the Moors, and the causes of the decline of Spain, with a discussion of the future prospects of the country. The book is well illustrated from photographs.

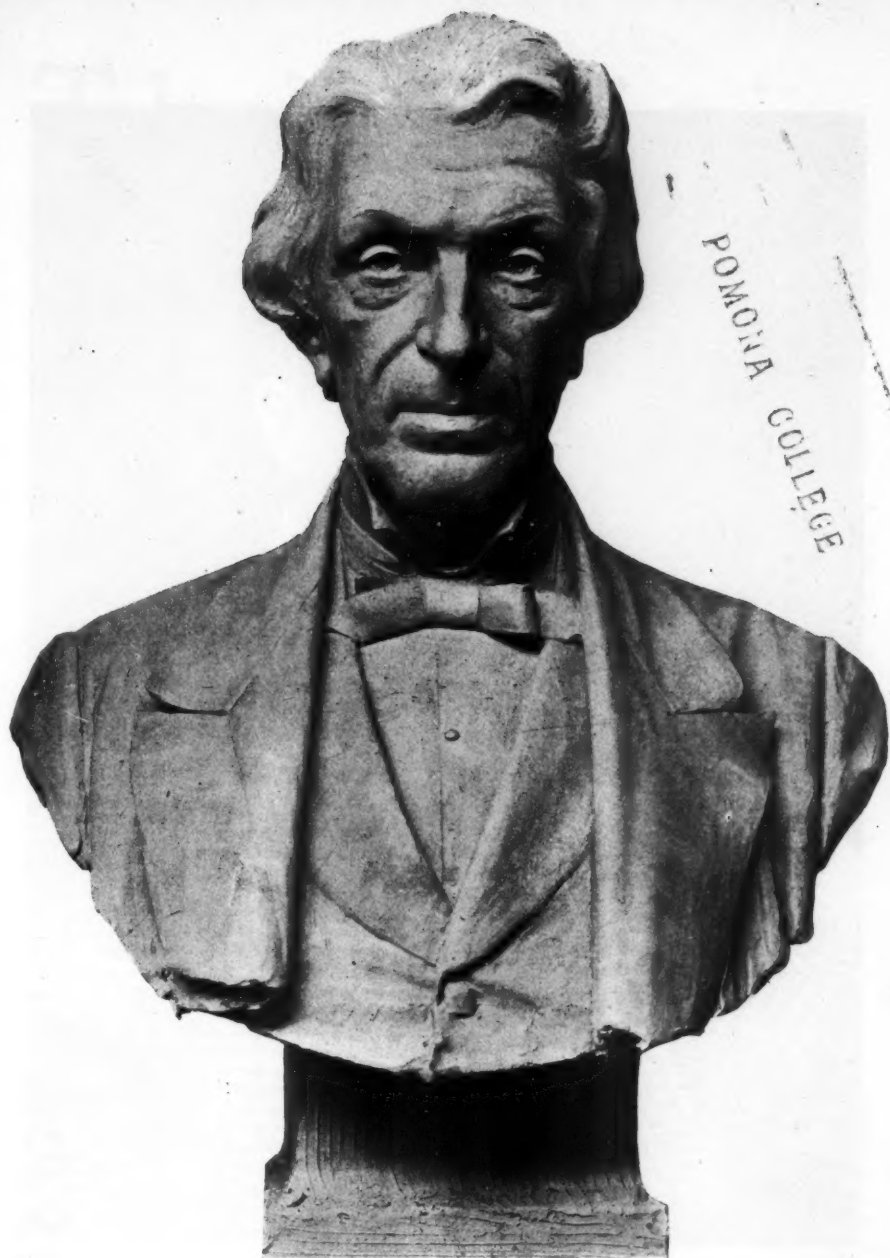
For list of Books Received see fourth page following.

POMONA COLLEGE

PORTRAIT-BUSTS
OF
RALPH WALDO EMERSON
AND
JAMES MARTINEAU
BY
GEORGE FRAMPTON, R.A.



RALPH WALDO EMERSON
(From the bust by George Frampton, R.A.
Photographed for THE CRITIC by
courtesy of Mr. Frampton)



JAMES MARTINEAU
(From the bust by George Frampton, R.A.
Photographed for THE CURRIC from the clay
by courtesy of Mr. Frampton)